

The TATLER

Vol. CLIV. No. 2004

London
November 22, 1939



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TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE

"Hawkins. Next time you hear I've been to the Toad-in-the-Hole oblige me by cracking me smartly over the head with a No. 3 iron."

"The Toad-in-the-Hole, Sir?"

"A night club, Hawkins. Very popular at the moment. Don't know why I ever go there. Never will again. In fact if it hadn't been for my cousin being on leave . . ."

"I've seen pictures of their cabaret-show, Sir. Very artistic."

"H'm, yes. Distance, Hawkins, lends disenchantment. The glamour recedes with the dawn and naught but the hangover remains. Is there

a gas oven in the kitchen?"

"No, Sir. We cook by electricity. Might I suggest as an alternative, Rose's Lime Juice? Had you confined yourself to gin and Rose's last night, Sir . . ."

"Dash it, Hawkins—I remember you telling me all about it. Therapeutic properties of Rose's Lime Juice and all that. What a memory I've got! Book a table at the Toad-in-the-Hole for Saturday evening—and—er—Hawkins?"

"Sir?"

"Countermand the instructions re the No. 3 iron."

"Very good, Sir."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.

The TATTLER

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H.M. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS WITH HIS SON, PRINCE BAUDOUIN

A picture taken on Armistice Day, in Brussels, at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Belgium not being at war with Germany, the customary two minutes' silence was observed. The Prince Baudouin, Duke of Brabant, is His Majesty's heir, and was born in 1930. He has a younger brother, Prince Albert, who was born on June 6, 1934. H.R.H. the Count of Flanders, who is on the right of the King, is His Majesty's only brother

And the World Said—



Hay Wrightson

MISS OLIVE GODEFROI

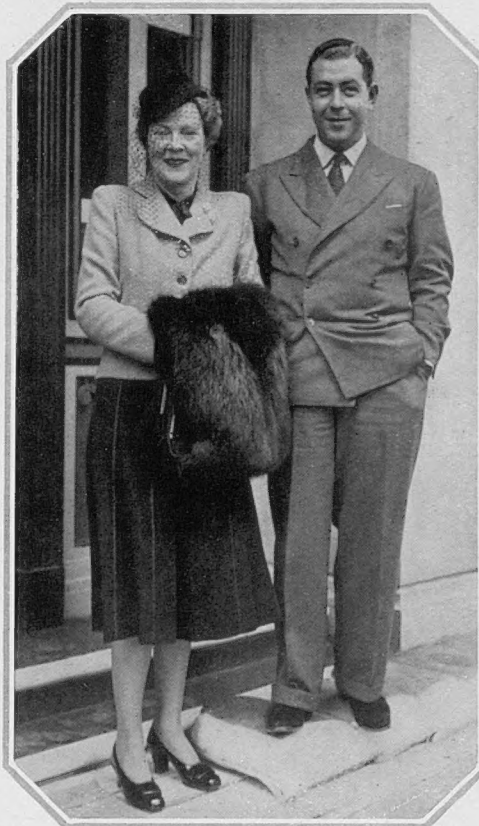
The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Godefroi, her father being on the staff of the Lord Chamberlain's office. Miss Godefroi is doing her bit in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, and was formerly at London University. Her sister Denise, married Lord Strabolgi's son and heir, the Hon. James Kenworthy, in July

AN old friend of mine says he has seen the Boer War, the Great War and the Great Bore War, which is a good beginning you will allow. By the time you read this our *ennui* may have been bombed; Stalin and Hitler may have synchronized their violations of Finland and the Netherlands, while, according to a certain Lady Blimp, something sinister will occur in Norway. Encouraged to be more specific, she added, with the confidence of Edith Evans playing Lady Bracknell—"My dear—all those fiords." We are sorry for the admirable Dutch. Readers may remember that in August a nice young man from K.L.M. took their columnist round Amsterdam's excellently appointed airport. I passed all the sights on to you, except the A.A. guns and his unlaughing remark—"We know which side they will have to face." This being so it appears a colossal pity that wealthy Holland and Belgium, infinitesimal Luxembourg and the four highly respectable Nordics who comprise the Oslo Powers, have lacked, in these fatal years, the courage to range themselves more definitely with their fellow democracies. Instead they bleated neutrality until the gong went, counting on making a lot more money while we and France defend Europe from the common bully. Seemingly it



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT DEPÔT AT HALIFAX

The moment was shortly after that ever-welcome call "come to the cook-house door" had been sounded. The officer commanding the depôt on the outbreak of war was Major V. C. Green. H.R.H. the Princess Royal is Commandant-in-Chief of the British Red Cross Detachments and Controller of the West Riding Auxiliary Territorial Service. H.R.H. is also Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots, the first regiment of the line



PILOT SERGEANT AND MRS. FREDERICK CAMERON

Snapped en route to lunch at Luigi's. P/S. Cameron, who is a very celebrated ski-ing international in more peaceful times, has a farm in Virginia, Mrs. Cameron's home country, but he came back at once on the outbreak and joined the Royal Air Force

won't work out that way. Just as there is some—though not much—ground for believing Germany would not have gone to war in '14 had she known it meant engaging the British Empire, there is now evidence that the Oslo Powers would have saved their bacon better—and the world's—by coming out strongly democratic at the dress rehearsal, rather than strongly neutral. Not unnaturally they were afraid. Now if the worst (genteel English for rape) happens to Holland and Belgium, and they acquiesce in Germany's demands, their immensely valuable colonial possessions will come under British and French protection respectively for the duration. With the Dutch Empire in the news Lord Tredegar should be persuaded to write about the East Indies for he has travelled with the eyes of an enlightened landowner and a poet. An illuminating travel book about the Orient is "Eastern Visas." Audrey Harris does not share the brilliant, sophisticated cynicisms of her contemporaries, Patrick Balfour and Evelyn Waugh, or the laconic indifference to hardship of Peter Fleming and Ella Maillart; her book is richer, more spiritual; it goes deeper under the skin of the countries where she wandered, alone but never friendless. "A thing that struck me continually in China is that England seems in so many ways to be the China of Europe—the mellow forms and traditionalisms, the realism and humour." In Japan she was less at ease: "... where men are Japanese first, and individuals second, and entirely humourless. . . . Japan seems

an excellent housewife and China an incurable artist!" On Buddhism and Christianity, Tibet and the U.S.S.R., she contributes much which lives on with the reader. Like Scott, Miss Harris enjoys writing romantic descriptions of scenery. Books are one escape, and plays another, whether flesh or ether. The B.B.C. Scrap Books have been delicious, particularly 1906 with Irene Vanbrugh and Sir Seymour Hicks. But the skip to 1929 was awkward; and Mr. Baldwin's General Election speech on unemployment a hollow hypocrisy after ten years. Leslie Henson's songs from his old shows must have tickled all listeners. He opined the prettiest ever chosen for the stage by the English Ziegfeld, George Grossmith, was Julia James. The bee-stung smile and sparkling eyes have lasted, but there was nothing sparkling about our last meeting at Biarritz on the 3rd of September, when Madame Dolfuss, watching her sons on the beach, thanked her stars they are still schoolboys. But the B.B.C. let down the Queen's broadcast by a pedestrian failure to follow *God Save the King* with *The Flowers of the Forest*, piped. It was Armistice Day and this the greatest of all laments: the Queen, who had spoken, is the Scots First Lady of the Empire in which Scottish blood forms an incalculable tie. By the way Mr. Frank Wallace, whose sporting pictures have often appeared in these pages, has been appointed deer controller by the Secretary of State for Scotland. What a doubly dramatic opportunity "wede awa'"! The clever people in the *Gate Revue* take all opportunities from the scene where the Censor prohibits making light of "sin or Godfrey Winn" to the sketch about THE TATLER, among others. This and the *Little Revue* are the equivalent of the great big shows of last time. Acidulated and cerebral, they have wit without warmth. The warmest play and smartest audiences are at the Criterion, where Delysia's part of a lifetime is abetted by Cecil Parker and Athene Seyler. Both Alice and the *ingénue*, Rosalyn Boulter have had their nice hair scraped back and unbecomingly corkscrewed—*pourquoi*? Mrs. Gulbenkian, proud to remember she was in a show with Delysia twenty-three years ago, went round to congratulate, squirmed by "Fatty" Lawson-Johnston. In stalls—Prince Vsevolode of Russia with his wife and sister-in-law, Lady Dorothy Lygon; Phyllis Monkman; Geoffrey Pinto, A.P.M. (shade of Lord Athlumney); pretty Miss Margot Cruickshank with a sailor;

musical Keith Miller-Jones; Captain Leonard Plugge who asks pertinent questions in the House, and Colonel Arthur Evans to whom the same applies. I wish these two would read the journal of the Institute of Journalists which gives facts of the disgraceful treatment meted out to my profession over staffing the Ministry of Information and other



AT THE CHRISTENING OF MR. AND THE HON. MRS. DE LEVINGNE'S SON

The baby was given the names Edward, Michael Hamar, the last name being that of his famous grandfather, Viscount Greenwood, formerly Sir Hamar Greenwood. Mrs. de Levingne is Lord and Lady Greenwood's elder daughter, and she has another child, Venetia, who was born last year



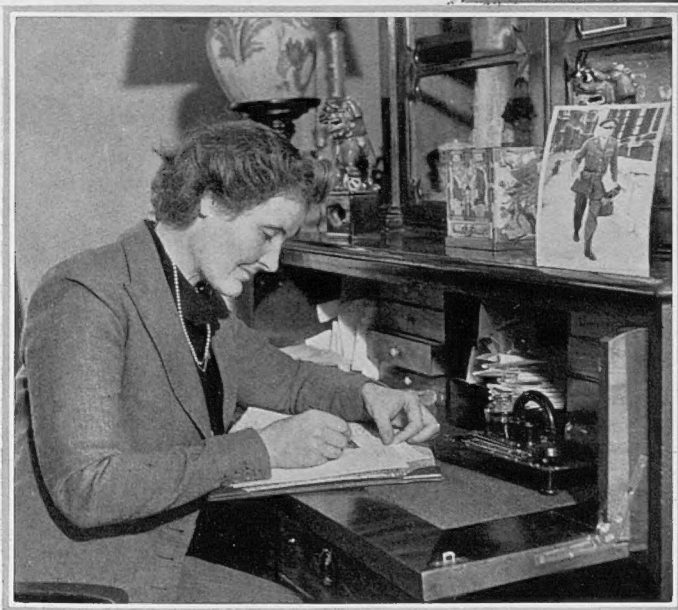
MISS ELSPETH IRONSIDE

The daughter of the C.I.G.S. and Lady Ironside is a full corporal in the A.T.S. (Women's Transport Service), and is driver to General Sir Walter Kirke, G.O.C. in C. Home Forces

interesting their acquaintances in this American-made plan for a lasting peace, when it comes. The United States could help draft and enforce such a peace whether she comes in or not. Surely it is her duty, Congress having blown cold on President Wilson. But with Congress still incurably small-town minded, the U.S.A. is unlikely to join any grouping of peaceful powers, therefore "include me out, boys" is sound Goldwynian advice.

* * *

The House muddles on. Clydesiders are unintentionally funny even in war, but he who wasted time with a rigmarole about the Lord Provost of Glasgow having seen enemy planes over the city must have fallen flat when Lord Provost Dollan sarcastically denied that his eyesight is keener than other folks. A Scots Member, Sir Edmund Findlay, who frequently omits to bow to the Speaker, has an able and punctilious mother, Harriet, Lady Findlay, who is taking on Lady Susan Gilmour's job in Scottish District Nursing. From Thurso I hear Colonel "Freddy" Imbert-Terry's ghillies are "a" in the A.A. the noo." Shooting is even more spasmodic than in France.



LADY IRONSIDE WIFE OF THE C.I.G.S.

When Sir Edmund Ironside's appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff was announced, the service and the whole country knew that we had got the right man in the right place, a fine fighting soldier with a very fine brain. These facts may impress themselves upon some twin contortionists ere long. Lady Ironside is a daughter of the late Mr. Charles Cheyne

And the World said—*continued*

Sir Robert Rankin's guns at Broughton Tower included Major G. O. Sandys who also obliged Lord ("Johnny") Hothfield at Appleby Castle. Lord Fortescue has had two recent "battles" at Castle Hill, Barnstaple, and Sir Hugh Stucley several at Hartland Abbey. Lord Mamhead (*né* Newman) does not shoot so his nice agent, Mr. Lumley, campaigns at Mamhead for him. As for hunting, the South Devon, the Dartmoor and the resurrected Mid-Devon are going strong; "Jack" Lethbridge has the Eggesford, and the Silvertown Master remains Sir Dermot Cusack-Smith. Shooting and hunting continue in moderation, but yachting has been curtailed by more than wintry weather. For example, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland would have been in Honolulu on their yacht by now, where Doris Duke and husband, also the young "Bob" Toppings of El Morocco, are due. As it is, the only yachting notes come from Sydney where Lord Gowrie attended an Australian Cowes. At Sydney parties people include Lady Wakehurst with her only and sub-débutante daughter Henrietta Loder, the Hubert Fairfaxes, Miss Morna Mackenzie and Peter Lubbock (from Gov. House), the Blake Pellys,



MISS MILLICENT BARON

The engagement of the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron to Flight Lieutenant Richard Maitland Longmore was announced on November 14. The bridegroom-elect is the eldest son of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore and Lady Longmore, who is a kinswoman of Sir John Maitland

Lady Moxon, the Colin Wyatts, and Mrs. D'Arcy Osborne. Though Princes remains the Berkeley of Sydney, there is a night club in a warehouse near the docks, with an unparalleled view of the harbour—ferry boats like fireflies playing from the north shore—and *décor* reminiscent of David Tennant's Gargoyle. The Navy's patronage gives it character, just as in London the Air Force congregates in the Dorchester Bar, where Lord Brocket

was sharing a sofa with several, while in New York the international guard still dines with Elsa Maxwell which sounds quaintly old new world. She had her annual for Cole Porter and the "Willie" Stewarts, Jay O'Briens, Carroll Carstairs, Eric Lodgers, Betty Shevlin Smith, "Tookie" Zoppola, "Doc" Holden, Condé Nast, "Bill" Paleys, "Nicky" Gunsbourg and so on down the coffee counter. A big party in London is an exception. There was one in "Gussie" Schweder's gilded hay-loft off the Cromwell Road. Mrs. Patmore was being congratulated for son Derek on *French for Love*. He is doing good work in Rumania. And Mary Clare was there; you will like her macabre acting in *On the Night of the Fire* which will follow *The Lion has Wings* at the Leicester Square. In Jermyn and Bury Streets the familiar faces favour restaurants alternately; recent sensations include a bishop at Luigi's, guided by attentive nephew, and at Quaglino's Lady Jersey's blanket coat, made of those hectic squares we are all knitting. Topical. So is Mrs. Arthur Heywood-Lonsdale of Shavington's top hat (which even Brother Arlen could not fault) sewn with silver stars, for the blackout. She lunched with Mrs. Gray Bailey. Others were the eldest Kingsmill, Mrs. "Freddie" Clifford; Mrs. Gray Horton in a romantic hat; Mrs. George Philipson who works three nights a week drawing wallops; Mrs. "Pat" Anderson who got bored in Scotland which has had more raids anyway; Princesse Alphonse de Caraman-Chimay in a red fitted jacket; Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower; Mrs. Gordon Vereker in khaki; two Mickey Mice (guess which regiment); Mrs. Claude Partridge; Nancy Harwood-Banner who has been singing to the

troops; Lord Tennyson and "Steve" who have their own tables; Countess Paul Munster to whose husband a speedy recovery; Mrs. Ian Campbell who, with Lady Bessborough, brought feminine charm to one of M. Corbin's bachelor luncheons at his embassy; the new Mrs. Reginald Purbrick who has taken a house in the country; and Miss Evva Lewis with Hamar Bagnall who was in the ranks before getting a commission. These two winter sporters and other ski-ers may like to share my Swiss post-bag. The longest letter is from Mr. Gredig of the Fluella who asks not to be quoted as "our Government endeavours to keep neutral." But you can guess his personal feelings; he would like to hear from his M.P. regulars. Mr. Hans Badrutt says the Palace is open in miniature—several old-timers already installed. The Palace, Mürren, sees no hope of opening, but Mr. Charles believes "We shall survive the present troubles as we have past adversities." Though its manager writes from "Military Service," the Palace, Gstaad, will open for faithfuls from Lausanne and diplomats' dependants unless "the worst" (see Holland) occurs. That well-loved character, Mr. Meisser of Klosters, who is more of a friend than an innkeeper to young England, has penned this message—spelling untouched: "We feel

strong and the last man will prefer to die than to allow any army into Switzerland. In case we should be attacked old soldiers as myself would be called up to 65 years of age. Every able man between 19 and 60 are under arms. If some hotels keep open it will be for men who get leave. There is no doubt all our sympathies are with the western countries, and we feel sure they will win, otherwise it would be our end too." I hope his white dog, which has sat outside the Hotel Silvretta for years, will live to bark us back!



THE HON. ROSEMARY DAWSON

The wedding of Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn's youngest daughter to Mr. John Wrightson is fixed to take place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on November 30. Mr. John Wrightson, who is serving in an infantry battalion, is the eldest son of Sir Thomas and Lady Wrightson, of Neasham Hall, Darlington

Many of the beauties, whose thoughts would be turning in normal times from hunting or music to ski-ing, are at Lavington Park as you saw from pictures last week, helping trained nurses take care of maternity cases. Patients cannot be blamed for identifying them by the names of film stars. When Mrs. Gerald Koch de Gooreynd sweeps floors they say: "There's Carole Lombard." Miss Jane Kenyon-Slaney is perhaps the pick of the bouquet, but never has Mrs. Vincent Paravicini looked more beguiling than she does in a white overall; Mrs. Euan Wallace finds her always willing. Master Paravicini is with Beryl, Lady Cowdray who has a nursery of nine. Her niece, Mrs. Antony Acton, is there, commuting to Lavington where the "help," as America calls domestics, was moved out to the cottages—all rather upsetting for the charming *châtelaine* who has taken it in her long stride. Her mother, Lady Lutyens, and small nieces occupy a dower house. Just as the "big hoose" was really finished and wonderfully beautified Mrs. Wallace stripped it for action; the American wallpapers and her brother's interesting chandeliers remain—and that's about all. Lady Milbanke is helping there, and that twinkling person Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald who has so much more to her than many fashionable ones, and Miss Virginia Gilliat renowned for nice manners. Mrs. "Freddie" Cripps and Monica Sheriffe left after the first rush of babies; the latter promoted gales of laughter. She should write this experience—now, while the bottle's hot.

NEWBURY HELD IN STRONG FORCE



THE HON. SHEILA DIGBY AND THE HON. MRS. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL



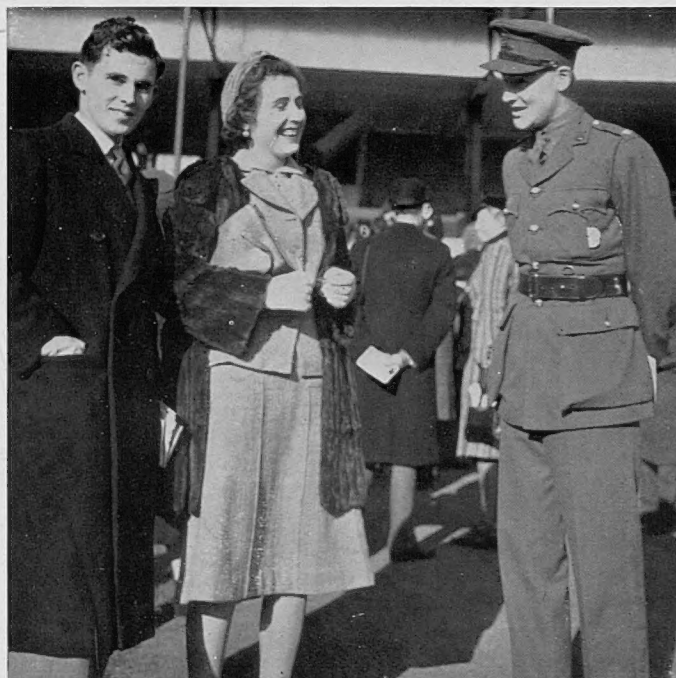
COMPANY-ASSISTANT MYRA MANNINGHAM-BULLER AND COMPANY-ASSISTANT CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON



MR. AND MRS. FULKE-WALWYN BETWEEN RACES



CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. BRIAN FAIRFAX-LUCY



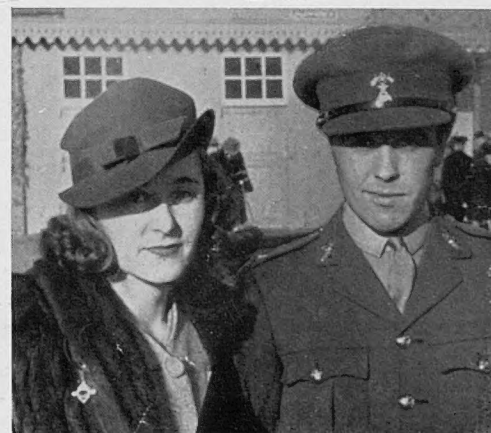
MISS VIRGINIA HUGHES-ONSLAW AND HER BROTHER AND MR. PAT CRICHTON. (BELOW LEFT) MRS. PETER FLOWER AND MRS. RICHARD WHATTON. (RIGHT) LADY GEORGE SCOTT AND MR. TIM BISHOP



MRS. JOHN CHRISTIAN AND MR. IAN WIGGIN



As will be observed from these pictures, the first day of Newbury was almost completely khaki coloured, and though every one there (plus any lurking spies) knew the units to which every one belonged, wartime restrictions forbid them being mentioned here. Horse, foot and dragoons, and also A.T.S. (in force), were concentrated and as the weather was fine and the racing good there were no complaints. The A.T.S. included the two company officers (above centre) and the newly-joined Miss Sheila Digby, seen with recently married sister. Mr. Randolph Churchill is in his father's old regiment now mechanized cavalry and so is the equally famous one to which Reynoldstown's pilot in the 1936 has gone back. Mr. Fulke-Walwyn turned professional and then had a cracking fall which stopped his riding. Captain Brian Fairfax-Lucy is in a famous Highland regiment and married Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir's only daughter



Racing Ragout

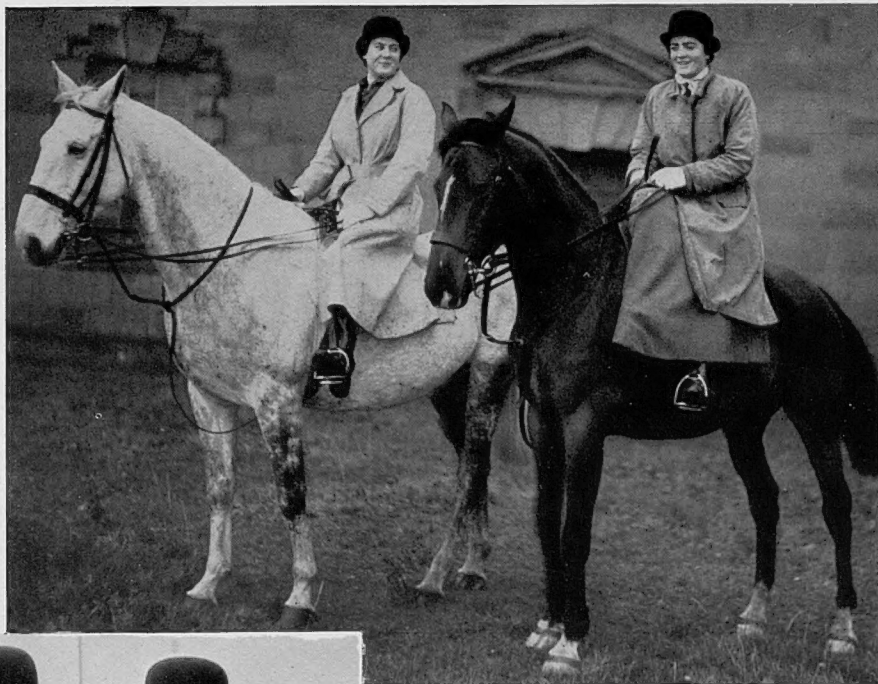
By "GUARDRAIL"

RACING news doesn't make very interesting reading these days though one small item caught my eye the other day, to the effect that Sir Abe Bailey had retained Michael Beary to ride for him next flat-racing season. I don't know what constitutes a flat-racing season but if, as the Nazis say, we can't starve them for thirty-one years, the next flat-racing season may see Michael being lifted on to his horse by his male attendant and putting to sea with his beard all tangled up in the reins.

I have been fortunate enough to spend a most interesting day at Mentmore looking round the stud. In Blue Peter I think we have the finest individual I have seen since Hurry On. He was a smashing racehorse and must be a good sire. So many of our horses have to be forgiven bad forelegs, bent hocks and other faults because it is in the blood, but him I doubt if you can fault. It is a treat to see such a grand animal, which stands out in our present state like the Sphinx out of the desert.

Meanwhile the war, according to usually well-informed correspondents from the Azores and such like places, is still going on and it is gratifying to read every day that after three years' intensive rearmament "the momentum of our effort is increasing daily" and that "we are better off than we were in September." Another year or two and we are sure to be in the shake up. Among those who have answered the call are many and various. I have myself met a gentleman in full canonicals whose first commission was with an elephant battery! a crack organization in which a rather clumsy muzzle loader was towed behind the pachyderm. Yet another blushing told me that his chief claim to a niche among the immortals was a standard work he brought out on camel management. This was a new one on me. I hadn't thought any one managed a camel more than to fill it up with water once a week or so and learn not to be sick when riding it.

When the last war started any one who joined up with a Boer War medal was looked on as a very sporting old gentleman making a gallant though rather fatuous gesture. Yet that war was only fourteen years before. The last war was twenty-one years ago so what the present day must think of us is nobody's business. Judge of the astonishment of one of these who taking a class of twenty in a riding school discovered there were no less than eighty-six medals on parade that the riding instructor, still in a bowler hat and leggings, wore the Sudan decoration! That age is, however, no bar for some positions is evidenced by two particularly venerable grey-haired friends of mine who, having put themselves on the general list, were offered jobs as machine gunners in the tails of bombing planes. I am given to understand that as the tail moves ten feet for every one moved by the pilot, even the most seasoned sailors succumb to the motion, but determined to get back to the camp under any circumstances they



Truman Howell

OUT WITH THE WYNNSTAY

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's famous pack is called the Wynnstay for short, as that is where the Master lives. The picture of Miss Ruth Mainwaring and her sister, Lady Lowther, wife of the deputy-Master, Sir Charles Lowther, was taken when the fixture was Wynnstay. Sir Charles Lowther is a former very famous Pytchley Master

have adopted the motto *Per Nausea ad Castra* and accepted the position.

The war very nearly came to a complete standstill the other day due to a Bateman series over the posting of one of the least of God's creatures, a newly-fledged subaltern. The colonel took umbrage, Division was incensed, Command was enraged, the Army Council was speechless. On the down splash "Passed to you for immediate report," "Passed to you for immediate report and disciplinary action" worked up in a growing crescendo till eventually the culprit was ordered to appear "on the mat."

The benevolent old gentleman who peered at him through Lucas headlight glasses solemnly read aloud through about fourteen pages of minutes and then pulling himself together to deliver a full-blown loganberry waved a finger and said: "You've been a very naughty man, but don't let this discourage you or think that it will interfere with your military career." The culprit, whose only fault lay in omitting to send a copy of the posting to one of sixteen addresses, had been working sixteen hours a day since calling up. Being a gentleman of some fifty summers who had turned his sword into a plough or debenture share fifteen years before, one can hardly blame

him if, like Teddy Knox, he suffered from "squeaky boots, sergeant" as he left the presence. The war, however, seemed to us outside, to have gone on the same and peace was averted.

The restaurants are, as ever, full and there is always a certain amount of celebration going on for those who are shortly going on service. One such, tottering into the club the morning after, maintained he had nailed another Nazi lie. "Strength through Joy" he had proved by personal experience was all picnics and parties.

* * *

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.3, ask help for a very respectable man and wife, seventy-two and seventy-one, who are in real need of help this winter. In the days before motor cars the man had a fleet of carrier vans, and did very well. He remained faithful to his horses too long, and failed in the end to compete with firms who had moved with the times. They have old age pensions, and receive 5s. weekly from a local source, but 25s. is very little for two old people. Will you enable us to give it to them?



Poole, Dublin

RACING CELEBS IN EIRE

Captain Gerald Dunne and the Rt. Hon. T. K. Laidlaw, both pillars of the Irish Turf Club and prominent racing owners. Mr. Laidlaw enjoys the distinction of having sold two Grand National winners, Gregalach and Grakle



THE LAST MUSTER ON THE FLAT

Flat racing ended on November 18, and "The Tout" got busy collecting this interesting little gallery before some of them were scattered to the four winds of heaven. As to details, Mr. P. G. Philcox is Victor Tabor's young naval patron, who won the Witchford Nursery last month with My Solace, and also owns Accept and others. Geoffrey Barling has been on the mark with some of his since the war started, and Sir Alfred Butt's son was on the premises to see his father's good thing, Cantatrice II, run away with the Cesarewitch. Teddy Lambton has joined the fighting forces and Lord Fingall (formerly 17th Lancers), has gone back to them, and finally, Mr. C. W. Marriott still keeps his flag flying over Newmarket Heath, where he was Clerk of the Course long before the last war started

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Penny Plain, Twopence Technicolored

IT is remarkable how the rich never seem to get tired of pointing out the acute disadvantages of wealth. Especially film producers, who are all fabulously wealthy! Of the three or four elementary parables which comprise the film industry's entire repertory of plots, the one illustrating the extreme anguish of living on more than a pittance is easily the favourite. Of all the people in the world whom you'd expect to assure you continually that There Are Some Things Money Cannot Buy, Mr. Goldwyn, Mr. Zanuck, Mr. Pasternak, Mr. Van Nest Polglase and their brother producers are the very last. What unhappy men producers must be! Now Mr. Alexander Korda and Miss Merle Oberon (whom one presumes not to be paupers) have conspired to show us what hell it is to find oneself in possession of a fortune. Their sermon, in Technicolor and at the Odeon, is entitled *Over the Moon*. Miss Oberon is a young lady living alone (and not liking it) in Yorkshire, on a height no more wuthering than any in Grosvenor Square. She is visited (in Technicolor) by one of those Father Christmas solicitors who only survive in the lower dramatic fiction, in order to dispense, with some tedium, enormous and unexpected fortunes from Australian uncles or eccentric grandfathers. She has been left eighteen million pounds.

The dire consequences of this tragic blow are immediate, and, of course, in Technicolor. Mr. Rex Harrison, a pipe-and-tweeds young doctor to whom she is engaged, promptly declines to marry her because he loves her for herself alone, and because she threatens to use her money to buy him the research clinic that he longs for. Miss Zena Dare and Miss Ursula Jeans, as a pair of Mayfair ravens, hasten up to Yorkshire in order to claim, somewhat obviously, to be close relatives of Miss Oberon. Miss Oberon decides to enjoy her wealth (in Technicolor). So she, somewhat surprisingly, allows the Misses Dare and Jeans to take her to London and help her to choose a plethora of Technicolor in every variety of fur, lamé, tulle, satin, velvet and crêpe-de-Chine. She also elects to See Life, namely the Riviera, in the company of those ladies, and also of Mr. Louis Borell and Mr. Mackenzie Ward, who both want to become the husbands of eighteen million pounds. Meanwhile, the virtuous Mr. Harrison, who isn't going to accept a clinic from any woman, has accepted a high-salaried position at a Swiss sanatorium where wealthy female hypochondriacs pay heavily for every kind of attention except the medical kind. Here, after Mr. Korda has shown us the charms of ski-ing in Technicolor, Mr. Harrison becomes reconciled to Miss Oberon (who happens to have dropped in on Switzerland at the time). And he is finally persuaded, much against his will, to marry this woman who can keep him in the luxury to which he has not been accustomed. But not until they have visited Italy together in a third-class carriage in order that (a) Mr. Harrison can establish his point about money not mattering and (b) Mr. Korda can draw our attention to Venice in Technicolor. This producer knows his own public best. It may be that the patrons of the ninepenny seats will derive a pious comfort from the knowledge that Miss Oberon has such a trying time with her millions. But for myself I am not persuaded. If Lord Nuffield is prepared to make the experiment, I am willing to prove that I could be perfectly happy with a bank balance of eighteen million pounds—in or out of Technicolor!

American parents, who are submitting to great personal sacrifices in order to send Junior or his sister to "college," must undergo great periods of melancholy if they happen to be regular cinemagoers. Of all Nature's fantasies, there is none odder than American college life, if we are to believe our Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The latest documentary on this subject is to be found at the Empire under the name of *Every Other Inch a Lady*. And it may as well be said at once that the wit in this picture ends with the title. (This, let it be admitted, is the kind of thing our Queen of Venom might murmur as a West End starlet makes a slightly too pronounced exit from the Ivy Restaurant.) The situation with which visitors to the Empire are confronted is, so far as I can recollect it, as follows. The Ginger Rogers half of a celebrated dance team is unable to play her part (as the politicians say) in a picture. The publicity man attached to the company

knows the very girl to replace her, but as she is not a "name" he doubts whether the producer will engage her. So he arranges a national contest to discover a college girl who can fill the vacancy. And he further arranges for his little hoover to become a student at one of the obscurer colleges in order that she may win the contest.

Life at this seminary appears to consist of extensive love making in motor cars, vast tap-dancing classes, and the publication of a college magazine in an office three times as large and seven times as active as that of London's busiest daily paper. It was not difficult to lose the thread of this elevating story quite early on, and one could have slept peacefully to the end had it not been for the sudden and rude interruption of a band, which subsequent inquiry revealed to be that of a Mr. Artie Shaw.

I am not competent to pass judgment on what is known as "swing" music.

The highly educated young gentleman who was my companion assured me that it has a fugal form as legitimate as that of Bach. For the rest, the film was advertised as featuring "the new 'It' girl." As all girls in American colleges appear to me to be exactly alike, I am unable to pronounce judgment on this matter either.

The picture abounded in that popular brand of wit known as the wisecrack. You may judge for yourself the wisdom and the crackle of: "If you give birth to babies, then I must give birth to ideas." Or the laugh-I-nearly-died flash of this ripost: "Would you like to listen to the Ninth Symphony?"

"What's the use if we've missed the other eight?"

The most enjoyable film of the week was the newsreel of the Queen making her Armistice Day speech to the women of the Empire. It proved that a lady who has a natural charm and poise can convey these qualities to the camera, without the aid of cohorts of make-up experts, lighting experts, montage experts, back-projection experts and all the rest of that circus of technicians which film people (except French film people) consider so much more important than the mere subject of a picture.



GARBO OF THE SILENTS

Greta Garbo is perhaps the only Hollywood star with a rooted aversion from the still camera, and this very rare picture, now out of print, is one of the few for which she has ever posed. It dates from her earliest Hollywood days. And now there is to be a revolution in the character of the elusive Swedish actress; for her new film, *Ninotchka*, is directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and is one of those brilliant light comedies by which that director has made his name, very alien to the intense technique of Garbo

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THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON AT NAAS



MR. RODERIC MORE O'FERRALL,
MR. C. G. REID WALKER, AND J. LYNOTT



THE HON. MRS. TRISTRAM MASSY, MISS HAIDÉE
KAVANAGH, AND MISS D. PELLY



MR. GERALD ANNESLEY WITH
MISS ROSALIND MANSFIELD



MISS ALISON MANSFIELD AND MISS
MADELINE MINCH



MISS BRIGID O'MALLEY, MR. D. H. FITZGERALD,
AND THE MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Photos. : Poole, Dublin



LADY BROOKE AND MISS BIDDY NOBLE
JOHNSTONE

The last day of the season at Naas gave everyone who made the pilgrimage from round and about good value for money, and the big *plat* in the menu was Lord Talbot de Malahide's "Bearer Bond," the Irish Cesarewitch winner, who capped that good performance by perhaps an even better one, for he won the Autumn Plate, giving away lumps of weight all round. He came through his field like a red-hot knife through a pat of butter. There was a very strong Kildare Hunt contingent, and it included Ireland's youngest owner, Miss Rosalind Mansfield, and Miss Brigid O'Malley, who is with Lady Kildare, the Duke of Leinster's daughter-in-law, the former Miss McMorrogh Kavanagh. Lord Kildare is on service with a cavalry unit. Mr. Gerald Annesley, who is with Miss Mansfield, is a son of the late Commander Gerald Sowerby, and Lady Mabel Annesley, who resumed her family name on the death of her husband. Lady Brooke, who is with another keen young Kildare-ite, had one running in the Mallow Plate, and is the wife of Sir Francis Brooke, ex-Joint-Master of the Kildare. Mr. Reid Walker is a racing refugee from England, and has four of his horses in training with Roderic More O'Ferrall

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Love on the Stampede.

And the same readers will equally enjoy Mr. Dornford Yates's new novel, "Gale Warning" (Ward Lock; 7s. 6d.). The same readers—perhaps a bit younger. For love here is stampeding all over the place, and there is absolutely no time for mere cooing. You see, the hero, John Bagot, and the heroine, Audrey Nuneham, met over the murder of a mutual friend, George St. Omer of Peerless. In Audrey's case something more than a friend. She was engaged to be married to him when St. Omer and his car were wrecked just outside Bedford. But it was not an accident—oh, dear, no! St. Omer was the victim of a gang. He knew too much about them. He had, for example, been at that really exciting dinner-party when royalty were present, and the servants had suddenly been overpowered by international jewel thieves, who took their places and robbed the guests, including a royal duchess, of all their valuables, before any of them had eaten as far as dessert. Happily, St. Omer was not alone. Two friends were also on the track of this notorious gang. The problem was, however, who was the fence and where was he?

The story then continues as a most remarkable and exciting, as well as secret, hunt between England and France, undertaken by John and Audrey and the two leaders of the chase. Such plots and counter-plots! Such shadowing and open battles! And at the end such an awful moment when it would seem as if both Audrey and John were about to be never seen or heard of again! Altogether, it was a wonder either of them had the necessary breathers actually to fall in love. But they did; and the result is a swift-moving story: an expert mixture of romance and detection, love and sheer speed which will rob, for thousands of readers at least, all the gloom of a couple of evening "black-outs."

My Own Joyous Encounter.

But for me the one really joyous evening of the week was spent with Mr. Robert Lynd's "Searchlights and Nightingales" (Dent; 6s.). If I can compare its mental entertainment to anything at all I can only compare it to an evening spent in a comfortable stall watching *Farjeon's Little Revue* at the Little Theatre. It has the same sly but piercing sense of humour; the same glorious manner of "debunking" without being rude. And it has its own special charm as well; its own very special contact with its readers. It is a book of short essays; but in case the very word puts you off, let me add that these essays are not only witty and funny, but very wise. Take, for example, this passage quoted from the essay entitled, "Boring the Young." The contention is that the reason why children detest the great classics is that they are so closely associated with school work. Given "Paradise Lost" as homework, any "tuppenny blood" looks like great literature.

"Then why," Mr. Lynd asks, "if the policy of annotation and pedantry has succeeded in alienating hundreds of thousands of people from Shakespeare, why should not a similar policy be equally successful in alienating the young

from modern fiction? I have heard it said that 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' is the most popular work among schoolchildren to-day. Well, then, why not make the book the subject of school examinations? Give the children lumps of it to translate into French and make them write out their favourite passage fifty times as an imposition. Compel them to parse and analyse sentences from it. Link it up with the chief dates of the French Revolution; give them a long, dull botanical talk about the pimpernel, mentioning its Latin name; and ask them to give the derivation of various words such as 'elusive.' Finally, set them to write an essay on the technique of the author. Within a year, unless I am mistaken, you will have successfully sickened your class of modern fiction. . . . Bore the children we must, but in the past we have made the mistake of boring them with the authors we most admire. How much better to bore them with the authors *they* most admire! Along these lines I think the teaching of English literature will in the future

have a success undreamed of in the past."

This essay is followed by one on "The Art of Forgetting"—written to enlarge the theory put forth by a lady who wrote to a newspaper on the subject of "How to Forget Him in a Week," by suggesting that the quickest way was to go to a cinema—but not alone. And this in its turn is followed by one on "The Average Man"—that average man who has all the more decent virtues, according to people who write or speak about him, but nobody has yet seen an advertisement of a situation vacant for which only average men need apply. But the trouble (for a reviewer) and the joy (for any reader) is that every one of these essays has humour and wit illuminated by wisdom and common sense. Read, for example, the last essay of all—the essay on "Thanks," and "On Wasting One's Time," and the "Fallacy of Short War." But perhaps it is quite unnecessary for me to advise. Having read the first one which gives the book its title, you won't be able to pick and choose; you will simply read on, as I did, overjoyed at having come across a little

book which, for a couple of hours, made me utterly oblivious to the bellowing of Hitler and his gang and the parlous state into which their evil has brought the world to-day.

Thoughts from "Searchlights and Nightingales."

"The worst of idealising an imaginary nightingale is that no nightingale can ever equal an imaginary nightingale, just as no cup of coffee can ever equal an imaginary cup of coffee."

"It is one of the reassuring things about life—that everything uncomfortable does good."

"It is possible to make anything seem ugly by applying an ugly image to it."

"Human beings love to be serious; at least, they love to look forward to being serious."

"We have arrived at a new age of nonsense, which unhappily lacks the one virtue of nonsense—fun."

"There is a time for remembering the past and a time for forgetting it. If everybody remembered the past, nobody would ever forgive anybody."



THE BULLDOG BREED

Short shift is guaranteed for any marauder if this quarter-deck lesson in the bulldog spirit is well learned. We may say that none of the pupils are bone idle

ARMY UNITS : No. 7



INFANTRY TRAINING CENTRE: NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT—BY "MEL"

A gallery of portraits of some of the distinguished warriors who are teaching some of the P.B.I. how to be warriors and, as the "nice breast of medals" worn by the majority of them show, jolly well fitted for the job. The exact spot where this is taking place cannot, of course, be mentioned. The C.O. is the senior major in one of the battalions of the Staffords, and the Adjutant of this centre is in the same unit. The C.O.'s dog seems to be the only one who refused to put on that pleasing smile which is so dear to the heart of the artist

NEXT WEEK: THE R.A.F. TRAINING COMMAND



THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE Nth BATTALION, LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT

This group is pre-war—that is to say, last August, when, though everyone knew that Germany meant mischief, the whistle had not actually gone. The present regulations only permit it to be stated that it is one of the new battalions

The full names in the group are: (back row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieuts. E. J. Townsend, R. F. Sharp, R. W. Rodwell, D. A. S. G. White, R. E. H. Ward, G. S. Gee, T. D. Flavell; (middle row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieuts. N. D. Stickland, J. S. Hincks, D. N. Forster, Captain J. H. Dakin, 2nd Lieuts. H. E. Ellis, D. Childs Clarke, S. Brown; (front row, l. to r.) the Rev. Canon H. V. Williams, C.F., 2nd Lieut. I. L. Rawson, Captain R. M. Jefferies, Major G. K. F. Ruddle, D.L., Lieut.-Colonel Guy German, Captain J. G. Gilliat, Irish Guards (Adj.), Lieut. M. Moore, 2nd Lieut. H. H. Driver, and Lieut. and Q.M. J. A. Hall

“THE concerted attacks of the German Press certainly boded no good for them [Belgium and Holland], and they may have felt that they were in danger of being forced at the pistol's point to abandon their neutrality.”

And yet some people continue to ask what it is we are fighting about. It was further conveyed to Belgium that if she concluded any alliance with any other country (bar Germany, presumably) it would be considered a hostile act.

The German Propaganda Specialist is surely losing his dash. He omitted to say that it was the Prime Minister who tried to destroy Hitler with that time-bomb at Munich. A sad lapse. The whole of the Gestapo and the S.S. ought to

the Twin Contortionists do not seem to have heard is that the 'plane in which Conspirator Chamberlain flew to Munich was piloted by Conspirator Churchill.

In view of what Hitler has said that he is now going to do to us, it is rumoured that the jockeys in next year's Grand National will be ordered to wear tin-hats and gas-masks in place of just the ordinary bump-helmets. Batteries of "Archies," so I understand, will be placed in position at all vulnerable points on the course, and strong detachments of the Royal Tank Regiment and mechanised cavalry will be lying in wait to deal with anything in the way of an attack *en masse* by parachute.

“Admiral Rous and the English Turf, 1792-1877,” by Captain T. H. Bird (Putnam, London), would have been a monumental work and about as dull as a Georgian house if it had not been treated by someone who has that precious gift of the light hand. In fact, it is a record that even those who hate any kind of history will read—and read on. It is quite true to say that Captain Bird set himself a monumental task when he undertook to compress into just under 320 pages such a vivid story as that of the figure-head (even to-day) of the English Turf and the greatest handicapper, until his eyesight began to fail, that the Turf anywhere in the world has ever known or possibly ever will know, but the author has done it wonderfully. The Admiral made very few mistakes in his apportionments and the only major ones were

Pictures in the Fire

be for the high-jump. Consider for a moment the clues they had: (a) Mr. Chamberlain's fondness for Munich; (b) that clumsy camouflage of gout on the very day that this Guy Fawkes act occurred; (c) the "nationality" of the gentleman who was deputed to read the speech to the Lord Mayor. The circumstantial evidence is simply overwhelming. The thing that



EVACUEES IN CLOVER

At the Hon. Mrs. Michael Buller's bi-weekly club for mothers at Westergate House. The two little girls are Iris Cable-Buller, daughter of the house, and Patricia Thomas. Her mother, Mrs. George Thomas, is just behind her. She was one of the "Tosh Twins" (on the stage)



Poole, Dublin

THE HON. MRS. TRISTRAM MASSY ON THE MEATH'S OPENING DAY

Crossing a ford near Warrenstown, their first draw, where a fox was waiting for them. Mrs. Tristram Massy married the younger son of the late Lord Massy. The Hon. Tristram Massy died in 1929. Mrs. Massy's home is beautiful Leixlip Castle. From all accounts, Meath is very wet at the moment



Stuart

THE VICTORIOUS WELLINGTON XV.

Wellington have not lost a match this season, and the day this was taken they had just downed St. Paul's 42 points to nil. Other victims have been Radley, 16 to nil, and Marlborough, 23 to nil

Names: (l. to r., standing) D. B. Riddell-Webster, R. J. H. Pollock, M. J. A. Campbell, M. Scott, D. J. T. Robertson, T. W. B. Fanning; (sitting) D. A. C. Frances, M. Chevenor-Trench, J. Godwin (Hon. Sec.), R. M. Hill (captain), C. R. D. Budworth, P. B. K. Gracey, A. P. Harcourt; (on ground) J. B. Robertson and K. A. M. Footitt

By "SABRETACHE"



AND SOME MORE HAPPY PEOPLE

The Hon. Mrs. Michael Buller, whom so many of us remember as Noorouz Cable, daughter of the late Lord Cable, who was so well known in Calcutta, and whose only son was killed in action in 1915

horses had collared between £14,000 and £15,000 of English stake-money in one year, let alone what their owners may have won in bets from the egregious English, who knew very little about the French form, he wrote:

A feeling exists in England that you take advantage of our free-trade policy and that you deny us privileges which we freely accord. Such an imputation must disgust every true Frenchman. Take the high hand! This is the first instance of France not knowing her own strength. Our mutual motto is: "Let the best man win," and on even terms you may remind my countrymen of William the Conqueror.

This did much to help, but it did not do all. Every race in Great Britain is still open to the horses of the world, but equally every important race in France,



Stuart

THE ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL XV.

The school has been evacuated from Hammersmith to Wellington for the duration and has hardly had time to shake down. In their first match Wellington (see opposite) knocked them out 42 to nil

The names are: (l. to r., standing) D. A. Bailey, J. W. Weight, H. J. Webb, D. N. Bryceson, I. K. R. McMillan, F. S. Dukoff-Gordon; (sitting) J. M. Stone, R. A. Burke, H. W. Arnold (Hon. Sec.), H. O. Barrett (captain), H. B. James, A. H. Walls, T. P. Joaquin; (on ground) J. A. Allport and P. Reed



Truman Howell

OFFICERS OF A BATTALION OF THE K.S.L.I.

A group which, like all other regimental ones, is of especial interest just now. Lieut.-Colonel Herbert, who commands this battalion, used to be in the 60th and is a kinsman of Lord Powis

The full tally of the names is: (seated, l. to r.) Captain the Rev. G. E. M. Gardner-Brown, C.F., Captain P. J. Woodhouse, Major B. E. W. Johnson, O.B.E., T.D., Brigadier J. G. Bruenor-Randall, Colonel Lord Bradford (Honorary Colonel), Lieut.-Colonel E. R. H. Herbert, M.B.E. (Commanding Officer), Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Westley, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Secretary, Shropshire T.A. Assoc.), Major D. Rivers-Currie, M.C. (Reserve of Officers, Royal Scots) (Adj.), and Captain R. T. Wytcherley; (middle row) Lieut. W. E. Cox, M.C., Lieut. G. C. Murphy, Lieut. C. E. Russell, 2nd Lieuts. K. R. Jemmett, R. B. C. Edwards, A. V. Marment, A. Wilkinson, J. F. Carver, H. S. Corbett, Lieut. B. A. Hobson, Lieut. J. W. Brown (R.A.M.C., attached); (in rear) 2nd Lieuts. T. F. Higginson, J. H. Davies, A. J. Charlesworth, D. H. Gwynne, E. L. James, Lieut. and Q.M. C. W. Silver

over French horses. His critics were very ready to pounce upon them and to raise the clamour about "foreign invasion" and the inequality of treatment of our own horses by the French Turf authorities. The Admiral was fully alive to the injustice, but he was a diplomat and he did not, in this instance, believe that charging at the issue like a bull at a gate was the best method. In his public manifesto after Continental

there was too much racing of two-year-olds and that he believed that the strain was deleterious to the breed. His main proposal was that no two-year-old should run earlier in the year than July 1. These miniature animals still continue to start in many races long before July 1, and there is still the cry that the strain imposed may be responsible for the fact that we do not breed as many true stayers as it seems desirable that we should. I cannot believe that it is sound policy to knock these young things about almost before they have got the taste of their dams' milk out of their mouths. However, the Admiral won over this, and things remain the same as when Sir Joseph Hawley opened fire. "Eclipse" was not broken till he was five. The skeletons in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington are worth studying in this regard—particularly their vertebrae.



Wilmin

HUNTING WITH THE GROVE IN WARTIME

Captain and Mrs. R. S. G. Perry snapped on the day these hounds met at Lord Scarbrough's house, Sandbeck Park. Miss Kayser is carrying on the Mastership of the Grove single-handed owing, of course, to the war. Major Brian Tinker was Joint-Master last season. Captain Perry is in one of the Yeomanry Cavalry regiments not yet put on wheels

LETTER TO A LADY

From MICHAEL ARLEN

MY DEAR ATALANTA—You complain that I do not send you news of London, and that, while you are working your fingers to the b. in the country, and while I am merely twiddling in London, I might as well make it up to you for being a wife only in name by writing you something to read. Of course, owing to the war there are any number of wives only in name to be seen trotting to and fro, but the ones I see around appear to be bearing up very nicely indeed, and from the dazed expressions they wear, common to girls having a bit of quiet fun, one can only conclude that, being a wife only in name is a pretty sound proposition, and that some ever-loving husbands on their return will find it quite a job to put a name to it.

Yesterday I saw your friend Margaret, in uniform, at the Ritz. She is a major or a colonel or something, and looked brave and horrible. But some of these madams in uniform look very swell indeed as they swing about with that cold, absorbed expression in their blue eyes which makes them look very martial, but actually comes from needing to wear spectacles. It is really very awe-inspiring to see shoulders, usually caressed by mink, silver fox, and snow leopard, in their rugged khaki nakedness. There is a story about a madam who is a very high officer, and who looks so well in her well-cut uniform that it's said she bought it at Cartier, and this story says how her husband got himself so rattled at seeing her swinging martially about the home that he at last bought himself a pair of khaki pyjamas just to even things up a bit.

I've also seen your American friend, Daisy C., and we gave each other a big hello. She said she had just seen your mother in Geneva, and she thinks (Daisy, not your ma) that Lindbergh stinks. I said that we in England could not countenance such free expressions of opinion about any American citizen, for we are passing through such a very polite phase about all American citizens that, if the war lasts much longer, and we get much politer, we shall probably all fall sick of pernicious suavity or a malignant humour. But there is no question of pernicious suavity in very willingly taking off our hats to some young Americans we both know, who have taken infinite trouble to get themselves into this exclusive war, and some of them even into the Air Force in the sort of jobs in which they might at any time be hit for six by anti-aircraft guns. It is very moving, and maybe it is sad, too, to see how these young strangers of fortune, who have many pleasures to lose, and very fortunate prospects to risk, are as much in love with the dangers of war as they were the other day with the dangerous enchantments of the Cresta.

People are drinking a bit more than usual, what with this and that and the black-out making chaps thirsty. Riddled with acidity, the night-clubs are awaiting the onslaughts of war in the air with ever-diminishing overdrafts. The place where you see a really nice crowd of jolly young people is the Palladium, where the Crazy Gang is doing everything impossible to amuse the customers. The show is actually just as funny as the drinks you've had like to make it, but it is the customers who really make this show—young girls and young wives up from the country to spend a few days' leave with their *beaux*, and daddy-and-mummy giving boy-meets-girl a night out before boy is whisked away—they all have such a darn good time that it's a real treat to be there, and I should think the Crazy Gang thinks so too.

As for war news, I lunched the other day with a man who was once in love with his aunt, and now he is a Major-General. No kidding, he was seventeen when he was in love with this aunt, who was *la femme de trente ans* and married, presumably, to his uncle. Well, this aunt did not love him back in anything but the nicest Chichester fashion, but he loved her enough for two, and he said that this love was the Making of him. He said she was a marvellous influence, and rounded off his angles and polished up his reactions no end, and made a Man of him, and he said that, but for being in love with this aunt when he was seventeen, he would not now be a Major-General, but a cook-general.

Listen, my pretty, he may be right at that, and it might be as well to guard our son's future by warning your sister and my sister to get themselves ready to hot him up a bit when he is home for the holidays. It

really isn't much good waiting until he is seventeen, because they will both be quite long in the tooth by then; but it may do no harm to make him aunt-conscious now, with a view to having his angles rounded off and his reactions polished up. Tell your sister that, in return, you will round off her son in due course. Now listen, this does not mean that I want a herd of uncles drooling round my daughter, because I won't have it, and that's flat. Uncles don't polish up, but off.

Although I have not been feeling very attractive lately, and in spite of having forgotten my trapeze behind at home in France, I have been out to quite a few dinner-parties, and you would be surprised at the number of arguments I have heard. I did not realise before that the English were so given to argument, but do you know that now they seldom stop, they argue every which way, and everybody is not only a politician, but a strategist and a diplomat and an airman and a Prime Minister. As you know, I never argue, not me, but the other night, when everybody was defining everybody's war aims, I said we were not fighting just Hitler and his gang, but the whole goddam German people, because they had always been trouble-makers, and would always be trouble-makers, and the only loving-kindness they understood was their own Nazi loving-kindness at the end of a boot, and the French had always been right to want them squashed flat and kept flat. Whereupon everybody squashed me flat and said the Germans are really jolly decent, and that it's only the Nazis who stink. So don't be surprised when the day comes on which 45 million English people start kissing 90 million Germans—Hitler being installed sulkily at Bath—and your husband, one naturalised Englishman of Armenian origin, absolutely refuses to be among the kissers, even if he has to take to selling carpets to finance his own anti-German propaganda.

The other day I sent a nice bit of propaganda to the Ministry of Information, pointing out how they could spread tip-top stories of German barbarities to dumb animals by proving—conclusively, you bet—that the Nazis were fiendishly cutting off the noses of all their sheep to make them look less Jewish. I have not yet seen this story printed, but they might do—and, in fact, have done—worse.

Our coal-merchant in Cannes writes to say he wants his money. I have told him to come and fetch it—from

Your ever-loving Husband.

P.S.—Your son writes me from school that he wants a pineapple and a long piece of wire. Doesn't your son know there's a war on? I rang him up and asked him why he wanted a pineapple and a long piece of wire, and he said he just wanted them. I asked him to define his war aims. He said he wanted a pineapple and a long piece of wire. Sensible fellow.



NEW YORK FIRST NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., were pictured during the interval at George Kaufman's new play, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Son of the famous newspaper magnate, Mr. Hearst, Jr., is himself a working journalist, in charge of his father's "New York American."



Cecil Beaton

LADY PEMBROKE'S LITTLE HOUSE-PARTY AT WILTON

The moment in the game of "Ring a Ring of Roses" is the one just before "they all fall down." The cedar-tree under which the game is being played has a pedigree dating back to James I., and the little performers are part of Lady Pembroke's Nursery School for her evacuees. If there is any spot where they are more likely to have a happy time, no one has yet mentioned it. During the last war Lady Pembroke organised the Wilton House Auxiliary Hospital and worked hard in the running of it. She is a daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget and a sister of the present Marquess of Anglesey.



A THAMES PATROL
IN A SLOP OF SEA,
AND THE NORTH SEA
HERRING FLEET IN
PORT

Whether the bit of Thames "sea" was really whipped up by the wind, or is a bit of the wash of another vessel, has not been definitely transmitted, but that useful craft, the River Emergency Patrol Boat, looks as if she might take one in "brown." The Herring Fleet has not been as busy as it should be, but let us hope that the English herring-catchers' appeal to the Secretary of State for War may be successful. The Association has suggested that the herring in any form is very good food for the warrior, and probably knowing that the fact is true, Mr. Hore-Belisha will endorse the suggestion. If he does, the jobs of 2500 men engaged in the East Anglian herring - fishing industry will be saved

WARTIME POPPY DAY IN LONDON



BUYERS AT THE RITZ: (L. TO R.) MISS KAY STAMMERS, LORD BARNBY, AND THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE



MISS SYLVIA REGIS DE OLIVEIRA, A SELLER, AND THE HON. EDWARD WARD



MISS LAVINIA SHAW-STEWART LUNCHES WITH PRIVATE IAN FARQUHAR IN BATTLE KIT



THE HON. JOHN FOX-STRANGWAYS AND MADAME A. LOPES



AT THE DORCHESTER: LADY MAYO AND MISS ISOBEL CLARRY

The feeling that predominated on the first Poppy Day of the second German war was unquestionably one of severe disappointment that we should have to usher in the second chapter of a horrible story that we hoped had been put behind us. The work done for the Haig Fund was none the less thorough. It would be, naturally, and here are some of the people at some of the principal centres of operations. Lord Barnby, formerly a Lieut.-Colonel, the Notts Yeomanry and an ex-Master of the Blankney, is with a great Wimbledon celebrity and the former Lady Mary Crewe Milnes—the present Duchess. The Duke of Roxburghe is in the Household Cavalry and the daughter of H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador is seen doing (let's hope) a brisk trade with one of Lord Dudley's brothers, now R.A.F., formerly 10th Hussars, and also in another picture with some other willing customers. Everyone did her and his job right well, and let us hope the result will have proved commensurate

(ON RIGHT) SIR MICHAEL DUFF-ASSHETON-SMITH, MRS. EDWARD TENNANT, AND MISS SYLVIA REGIS DE OLIVEIRA



SOME ATTRACTIVE REFLECTIONS



Bertram Park

MISS JASMINE BLIGH—A TALENTED NEWCOMER TO THE SCREEN

The Hon. Noel Bligh's daughter by his first marriage, after winning fame as one of the two television announcers at the Alexandra Palace, has now turned to the films, and has been playing a part as a television announcer in *They Came By Night*, which is finished, and is also in *Band Waggon*, which has not yet been completed. The Hon. Noel Bligh, who was formerly in the Rifle Brigade, is Lord Darnley's only brother

THE HON. MRS.
LORD NORTH'S B

The elder of Lord North's two sons, Mr. Robert Alexander Clive G. North, society's most popular young man, has recently, succeeded on the death of his father, the Hon. Dudley North,

IN SOCIETY'S LOOKING-GLASS



Hay Wrightson

CLIVE GRAHAM—
AUTIFUL SISTER

very attractive sisters married
aham in 1937, and is one of
marrieds. Lord North, whose
was announced more or less
of his grandfather, his father,
having died in 1936



Bertram Park

MRS. WILLIAM FISKE—A RECENT PORTRAIT

This studio-portrait is of the only daughter of the late Mr. David Cecil Bingham, who was killed in action in 1914, serving with his regiment, the Coldstream Guards; and of the present Lady Rosabelle Brand, who is a daughter of the late Lord Rosslyn, who died in August this year and was succeeded by his grandson. Mrs. Fiske was formerly Lady Warwick and married her present husband last year

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER—You cannot realise, unless you have lived in France, how entirely civilian life is disorganised by the sweeping levy made by conscription as-she-is-spoke in this country. This unoriginal remark is inspired by your friendly query anent "Miss Chrysler, 1924," and your wise advice about having her thoroughly overhauled before "things really start." The spirit of the counsel finds me willing enough, but 'tis the execution, at time o' writing, that leaves me weak. I hae ma doots whether a good mechanic is to be found in the whole of Paris. Greasy little boys who are adepts at inextricably jamming the nozzle of the petrol hose into your tank and elderly Father Williamses who drop long, white hairs from their beards into your oil supply are the prop and mainstay of most garages, while the man who knows his job is ordered out.

Why do we sticky-paper our windows and mirrors? The dread of air raids? Nah bloomin' fear!—but simply because of the knowledge that if an ordinary domestic accident takes place we shall not be able to find a glazier to repair the damage and shield us from the wintry blast. Why have so many of us gone vegetarian? Because the butcher's wife officiates with the cleaver while her husband is at the Front and we are tired of finding finger-tips in our *blanquette de veau*! (I concede the pinch of salt, my merry master.) The only males who have stayed put are the *sergents de ville* and firemen. A man under thirty is an *objet de curiosité* (if not *de vertu*!), and will be asked to exhibit his "papers" (*livret militaire*, and so forth) every few hundred yards when he walks abroad. This is what happened to President Lebrun when he went out for a short stroll with his secretary the other evening. He wanted to see how M. Langeron was managing the black-out. Even in the dark it is flattering to a man on the "other side" of sixty to be taken for a youngster, and our President was delighted. The white-headed, in-the-early-forties secretary, who told me the story, was not nearly so pleased.

The crossing of thoroughfares during the witching hours is rather a problem. Quite a few of our hatless lovelies have solved it by going platinum again. Shows up well in the gloom. But most of us totter, in fear and trembling, from one kerb to another. Even the D.P. (*Défense Passive*) wardens don't thrill us with their martial appearance. The men are tailored out of the slop-chest and—(Censored!) As for the female element, 'tis even as you and I. Every kind of garment serves, from the perfect *petit ensemble* from Patou or Molyneux to the sort of dusty black that my Josephine (still down at the Farm with Cookie and the Skye) would refuse to be seen dead in. In point of fact, French women don't rush into uniform with the gallant (but maybe exaggerated) enthusiasm that their British sisters show. They prefer to serve unseen, though not unsung. Neither do they wear trowis on all and every pretext. Let us be sensible about pants, *O mes sœurs*! Personally, I'm all for 'em—in times of leisure. But when there is need of a practical garment, then fold 'em up and anoint 'em with moth-balls. Sartorial heresy, this? Nay! Ponder awhile, my darlings. To put it succinctly, the trowsered lass takes twice as long to . . . powder her nose as does her skirted sister; but since only an artist of *Vie Parisienne* persuasion could illustrate my meaning, perhaps we had better leave it at that.

Theatres and cinemas are opening everywhere. Sacha Guity was the first to get going, same-like he did in 1915. Not at the Front, of course. Sacha has never been a soldier. This reminds me of the stinger he fired back at a certain hefty actress



THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS

The Duchesse, charming cousin of the King of the Belgians, is working in a hospital for British Tommies in France and has taken a special interest in the case of an R.A.S.C. driver who fractured his skull in falling from an Army lorry. She has written personally to his mother in Ireland to let her know of her son's progress



Hay Wrightson

THE DUC DE NEMOURS

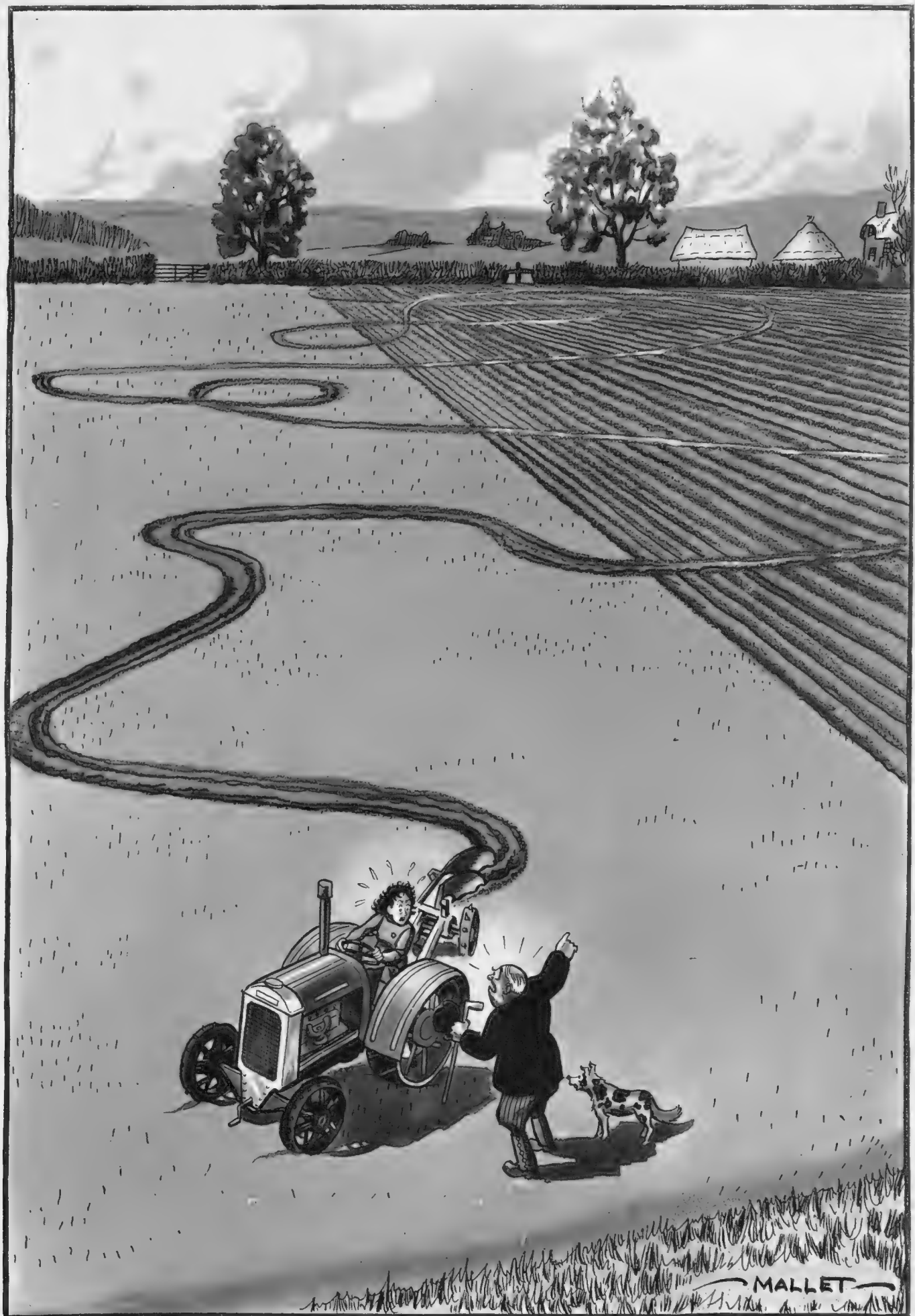
The Duke, who is one of France's most distinguished noblemen and a member of the royal house of Bourbon-Orléans, has been a frequent and ever-welcome visitor to our country

who sent him her photograph inscribed: "To Sacha, the man who might have carried a rifle." He returned the compliment with: "To Cora L.—, the woman who might have carried a gun." This is ancient history, however. The actual show at the Madeleine Theatre serves to present many stars, and Sacha's newest wife, in what might be called a war entertainment for charity. Mme. Geneviève Guity is charming and, I imagine, really talented. One would like to see her in a good play.

As for the entertainment, to which all that now remains (in Paris) of *le Tout Paris* was invited at 7 p.m. on a bleak and rainy evening, it was, as I have already said, "for charity," and we all know what charity covers.

Truth is that we are not theatre-minded at the moment, exception made for the soul-satisfying classics at le Français, where the *matinée* given *en honneur de la Pologne* was one of the most heart-stirring affairs I have ever been present at. Many of us enjoy the sane rowdiness of *le music hall*! Mitty Goldin has reopened the A.B.C., to the joy of the lads on leave as well as those who stoke the central heating at home. Not easy, just now, to compose a variety programme, since, in ordinary times, sixty per cent. of the turns are foreign, but Mitty makes miracles! The great thrill is the playing of "God Save the King" and "La Marseillaise" at the close of every show; and, if you know your Paris, you will realise what it means when I tell you that no one scrambles for their *vestiaire* or worries about missing the last "Metro." Besides there are plenty of taxis and stocks of shoe leather.

PRISCILLA.



"BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU SILLY MAN?—THERE WAS A WASP!"

DRAWN BY DENNIS MALLET

SOME NEW YORK



MR. ROBERT SWEENEY AND THE COUNTESS
BARBARA HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW



MR. FRANKLYN LAWS HUTTON,
WOOLWORTH'S FAMOUS FOUNDER

RECENT OCCASIONS



SIMONE SIMON (RIGHT) AND HER MOTHER,
MME. GIORCELLI MONIQUE



ANNE SHERIDAN, "OOMPH" GIRL No. 1



PAUL WHITEMAN (RIGHT), WITH TALLULAH BANKHEAD
AND ROBERT BENCHLEY (BEHIND)

(BELOW) SYLVIA, LADY POULETT,
MISS ANNE HOLT AND MRS. CHRISTINE FISHER



CONSTANCE BENNETT AT EL MOROCCO



Round and about Manhattan Island these evenings are always found a concentration of the smart people, reinforced by an even smarter contingent from Hollywood, and here are some of them. The Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow and famous golfer Robert Sweeney both arrived on the "Conte di Savoia," crack Italian liner, and were seen lunching together at the Marguery, while the Countess's father, Mr. Franklyn Laws Hutton, founder of the fabulous Woolworth fortune, was pictured in a New York night-club. Simone Simon, back from a triumphal return to the country where she first won film fame (and, incidentally, added much to her laurels by her fine performance in *La Bête Humaine*, on the re-visit), brought her mother over with her on the "Vulcania." El Morocco has always been one of Hollywood's favourite East Coast haunts, and among the visitors there this season have been Anne Sheridan, who is starred in an astonishing number of movies now showing over here, and Connie Bennett. Also at El Morocco was Sylvia, Lady Poulett, widow of the seventh Earl. In the terrace-room of the Hotel New Yorker a gay gathering included Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Whiteman, pioneer jazz concert conductor, and the humorist, Bob Benchley, dramatic critic, film-maker and general ironic laughter-provider

AT
THE
SHAFTESBURY"His Majesty's
Guest"ROSAMUND MERIVALE, ENID STAMP-
TAYLOR, VERONICA ROSETOM WALLS,
BRYAN HERBERT(LEFT) MARTIN CASE. (CENTRE) MICHAEL SHEPLEY,
ARCHIBALD BATTY. (RIGHT) JOAN PLAYFAIR

TOM WALLS—genial, fruity and bland—changes with neither the years nor his rôles. Always he is the sport with a winsome glare and a glad, salacious eye. This time he is a baronet who, having once forged in a presumably good cause, has been *His Majesty's Guest* for eight years in Maidstone prison. But you wouldn't guess it from his manner and complexion at a week-end party, where they try to put him at his ease by not discussing crime; whereas he discusses it in every other sentence. Self-assurance, coupled with information from a company promoter who was his fag at Maidstone, enables him to take the stuffing out of a pair of pompous but

crooked financiers, and to get his reward from a golden widow.

The entertainment is pleasant and amusing, thanks to the victory of good character-playing over moderate production of a not very good farce. Nothing much happens except when, at night, the whole pyjamaed crowd descend a vast stairway in quest of burglars; but enough laughs to stay the course come from the comic acting. Archibald Batty does well as a bully always about to bust. So does Michael Shepley as a blusterer. Bryan Herbert works the humorous oracle with little beyond an Irish accent. Enid Stamp-Taylor and Veronica Rose are nice and ultra-feminine; Martin Case is nice and youthful. **A. B.**

“FAITES VOS JEUX”

By CHARLES BIRKIN

EVERY night for the past two weeks the sequence of events had been the same. At a few minutes before eleven o'clock, a magnificent black Rolls Royce had glided up to the Casino doors and the negro commissionaire, resplendent in his red and silver uniform, had sprung forward to assist its owner to alight.

David Van Rhys would have been remarkable in any surroundings, and he did not in any way shun publicity. Nearing forty, he was as handsome as a film-star; blond, broad-shouldered almost to exaggeration, and well over six feet in height. American by birth, he pursued a cosmopolitan existence in the playgrounds both of Europe and the New World; yet he had succeeded in preserving his good looks, which were even now only faintly blurred by excess weight.

“Good-night, Blake.” The chauffeur touched his cap and the car drew noiselessly away. David walked through the swing doors; checked his top-hat, for it was one of his customs to appear in white tie and tails, in defiance of the fact that the majority of the *clientèle* wore dinner jackets or beach wear, and made his way into the gambling rooms. The commands of the croupiers and the talk and laughter of the spectators, drowned the measured murmur of the sea splashing on the sands below the vast semi-circular windows. Reaching the money-changing desk, he pushed over a thick wad of notes.

“Good evening, Mr. Van Rhys,” smiled the dapper gentleman from behind his grille, “better luck to-night, we hope.” His nimble fingers expertly flipped through the money and then swiftly stacked the piles of gaily coloured counters. “Eighty—ninety—one hundred thousand. . . .” The chips were of impressive size and varying shapes. David replied that he hoped so, too, and slipped them into the left-hand pocket of his trousers. As he approached the particular roulette table that he favoured, a young man rose obsequiously to his feet and offered him his chair. In so doing he was only obeying the instructions of the management. This manoeuvre was witnessed with approval by the manager in person, who was standing by the entrance; a M. André Gustavopolis, a native of the troubled Balkans, whose French was flawless, his English adequate. Some phrases, however, continued after many years to elude him. For instance, he still complained that his job was no “cynosure.” But we must not digress.

David accepted the young man's offer and arranged his counters in front of him. The wheel spun; the wooden ball rattled, jumped and trickled to rest. “*Le neuf*.” The rakes busied themselves on the green baize. David made a mark on his scorer. He was there for at least a five-hour session. A little later a dark girl came into the rooms. As usual, she made straight for the table where Van Rhys was playing; following his bets with breathless interest. When, during the course of the evening, it was necessary for him to pay repeated visits to the *caisse*, she appeared worried, and turned away hurriedly so that she should not catch his eye. Other players could not but notice her distress.

“It must be terrible to be married to such a gambler” mused the plump croupier sympathetically; “every night it has been the same story.” David himself gave no

sign of his feelings, except that occasionally his fingers toyed with his over-heavy platinum watch-chain. At half-past four, he glanced at the time, ruefully shrugged his shoulders, and leisurely made his way back to the hotel. The croupier had remarked “*pauvre madame*” leaving some time before, when Monsieur had last gone to the *caisse*. He had observed that there had been tears in her eyes. In the course of the evening, David had lost exactly eighteen hundred pounds. During the period of the last fortnight, the Casino had won from him just under thirty thousand. Incredibly, number twenty-nine had never turned up once. The following morning, Monsieur Gustavopolis was lighting a cigarette preparatory to leaving his office and strolling down to the Hotel de Cap, where he was lunching with a lady in whom he was deeply interested. He was thus definitely irritated when his secretary came in and told him that a Mrs. Van Rhys wanted to see him. Still, he did not see how he could very well refuse an interview; and after instructing the young man to telephone to the hotel, to inform the lady in question that he had been detained, he returned to his swivel chair behind the desk, and awaited his caller.

A dark and extremely pretty girl entered, labouring under a considerable emotional strain. As soon as the door had closed behind the secretary's retreating back, she burst out: “Mr. Gustavopolis—I know that I have no earthly right to ask you to do this thing for me, but I am at my wits' end. My husband, as probably you are aware, has lost thirty thousand pounds here during the last two weeks. And that is not all. He has lost steadily ever since we came to Europe. Now he has nothing left. Do you understand? *Nothing*. We have absolutely no one to whom we can turn. I'm so afraid that he will do something terrible unless I can get him away from this place . . .” she paused, breathless.

Monsieur Gustavopolis sighed, as one who is bearing a familiar, but irksome burden. “Madame Van Rhys, it is all very regrettable—you have my sincere sympathy, I assure you. But what is it that you want me to do? We are faced with such problems all the time. You must try to realise, dear lady, that we are not a charitable institution. . . .”

She interrupted him: “I knew you'd say that, and, of course, I understand your position, too.” Her lower lip quivered, and she began to cry. “I'm not trying to put up any defence for David. He's been the worst sort of fool. I had a frightful scene with him this morning, and finally I got him to sign this paper,” she was fumbling in her bag, “saying that he would never gamble in casinos again. We haven't anything left at all, Monsieur Gustavopolis. Couldn't you possibly see your way to paying our hotel bill, and advancing us our fares back to the States? I implore you. My husband is at the end of his tether. I swear to you that I do not know what he might do. He's absolutely desperate.”

Monsieur Gustavopolis noted that she was expensively dressed, but that, except for her wedding ring, she wore no jewellery of any kind. “Mrs. Van Rhys,” he said at last, “things are not as bad as that, surely? There is your motor-car, for instance; that can be sold?”

(Continued on page vi)



MISS ELIZABETH SCOTT, TO BE MARRIED
ON NOVEMBER 25

The lucky bridegroom-elect is 2nd Lieut. Graham Vincent Hoare, who is a nephew of Lord Hailsham. The wedding will be at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Miss Scott is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. Gilbert Scott, and a niece of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., the famous architect. Miss Scott has played in the Birmingham Repertory Company and hopes to continue her career on the stage and films after her marriage.

HARRODS

Colour and Contour in Handbags



H.B. 56. Black velvet—its sheen set off by a frame that is gilt encrusted with jewelled flowers. Lined with black rayon satin and fitted with mirror and purse. 8x7 in. 59/6

H.B. 60. Plaid wool bag and scarf set in vivid blended colours is a tonic for any outfit! The bag is the new shape with its bow handle tied on top. Orange/brown, red/yellow/navy. 7½ x 6½ in. Set 21/-



HANDBAGS, but not just to carry things in! They're so unusual in colour, so quaint in shape, that they're as much of an ornament as your jewellery. Carry them to accent your wool dinner-dress. Carry them anywhere—they're worthy of every occasion.

H.B. 59. Black crêpe is embroidered with gold in stripes of little flowers. It's a capacious pochette, fitted with purse and mirror and with a handle at back. 10x6½ in. 21/-

H.B. 61. Twin bag—two bags joined by the handle, one for money, one for make-up. They're the new Robin Hood Pouch style, of fine woollen cloth with scattered gold embroidery, gold piping and handle. Wine, green, brown, black. 7x9 in. 25/6



H.B. 57. Striped silk—its colours like an Eastern shawl, blue, green, cyclamen and black interspersed with gold. On frame, and fitted purse and mirror. 7¼x5¾ in. 29/6



H.B. 58. Egyptian wings are embroidered in gold thread on black, the gold repeated round the edge and in the sliding frame. Purse, mirror and lipstick pocket. 8½x6 in. 45/6

Handbags are on the
Ground Floor.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE young man had just proposed to the most beautiful girl in the world. She had accepted him, and so now he stepped into a fashionable jewellery store to buy an engagement ring. He examined various rings, and finally picked up a beautiful diamond affair that suited his fancy.

"What's the price of this?" he inquired.

"That," replied the assistant, "is £350."

The young man's eyes popped. He whistled loudly and long—and then pointed to a second ring.

"And this one?" he asked.

"This one, sir," said the assistant, eyeing the price-tag, "is two whistles!"

* * *

A Sunday School teacher was trying to impress on her pupils the need for missionaries in the East, and told the story of a poor native who broke his arm and was taken to hospital, where he learned for the first time about the Christian religion.

"Very soon," she concluded, "he was well and returned to his home. Now, how could he learn more about religion?"

There was silence for a moment, then one bright child volunteered, "Please, he could break his other arm."

* * *

Here is a story from across the herring-pond, and is one of the silliest of the season. Two crackpots walked up to a railroad ticket window. One of the men was carrying his friend in his arms. The weight caused him to stagger.

"Two tickets to Memphis," he told the ticket agent.

The agent studied the money that was handed to him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You only gave me the price of one ticket. How about your friend?"

The first crackpot looked fondly at the man he was carrying in his arms.

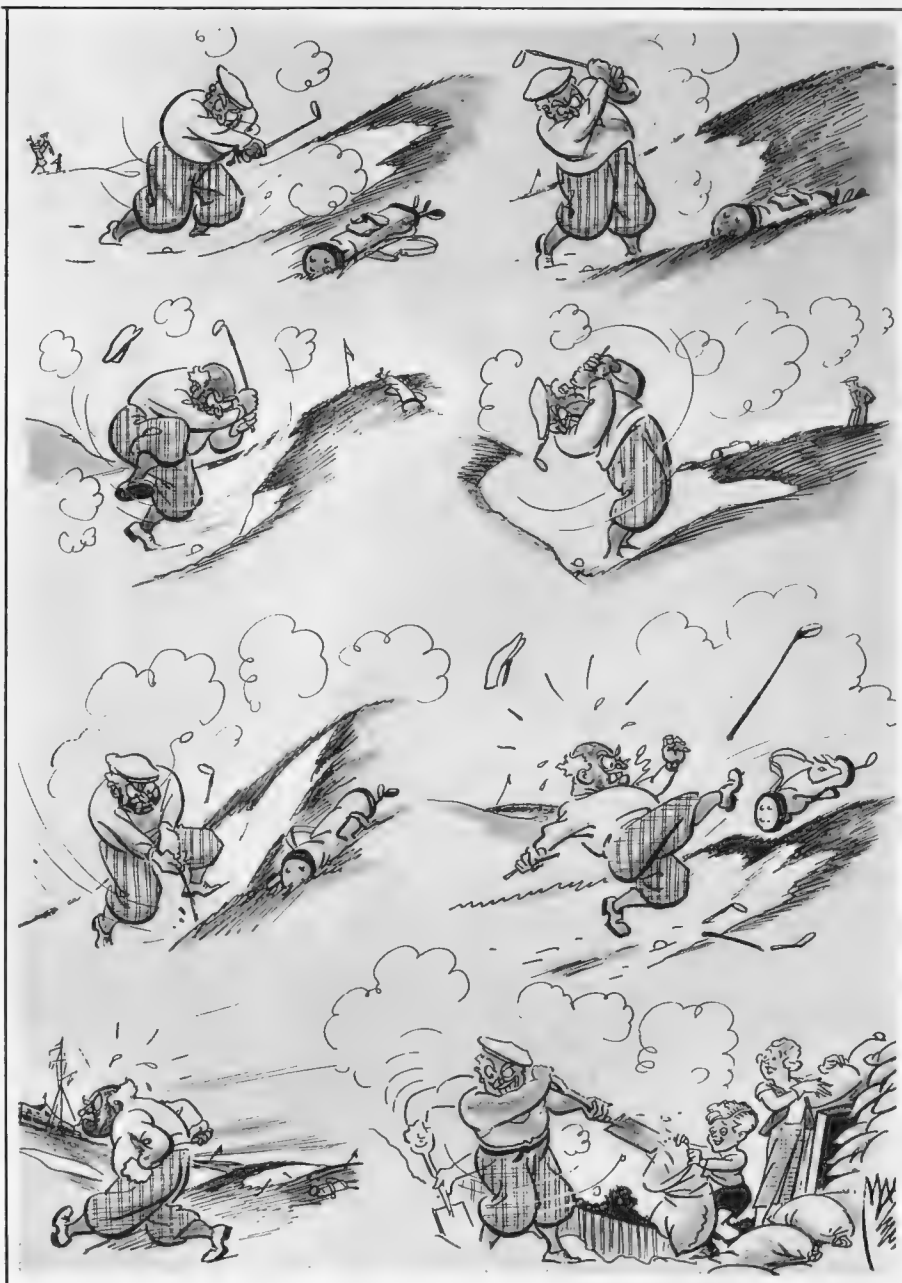
"He's only a baby, mister," he explained. "Only four years old."

The agent was astounded. He took a second look.

"Four years old my eye!" he cried. "Why, this bozo you're carrying is over six feet tall, weighs about 190 pounds—and has a beard as thick as a mattress!"

The ticket-buyer dropped his pal unceremoniously to the floor.

"You dope!" he howled at his pal, "I told you to shave!"



CHILD'S PLAY

A charwoman engaged to scrub a studio on Saturday afternoons frequently arrived late, and on these occasions always had the same excuse—she had "stopped at the dairy to 'ave a cup o' tea."

One Saturday she began talking with suspicious-garrulousness of parrots.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, "I *do* like parrots. They're such clever birds. Why, there's one at the dairy where I 'as me cup o' tea what says 'Good morning' and 'Good afternoon' and 'Time, gentlemen, please!'"

* * *

"Then you admit that you struck the plaintiff with malice aforethought?" demanded counsel of the man charged with assault.

"You can't mix me up like that," replied the defendant, indignantly. "I've told you twice I hit him with a brick. There wasn't no mallets nor nothing of the kind about it—just a plain brick, like any gentleman would use."

* * *

Two Highland fishermen were lounging on the pier. Suddenly Douglas asked: "Man, Donald, what is that drifting about in the bay?"

"Ach, yon's a board," said Donald sleepily.

"Will yon be the Board of Agriculture?" said Douglas, facetiously.

"No," said Donald, with emphasis, "yon thing's moving."

* * *

"Don't you think, dear," asked one sweet thing, "that I'm getting younger every day?"

"Yes, darling," cooed the other sweet one. "I should never be surprised to see your name in the Births column."

* * *

A theatre in a small American town had a burglar-alarm fitted in the box-office. You just had to press a pedal on the floor, and a bell rang at police headquarters.

Two days after it was installed, a gangster poked his gun through the box-office window and demanded the cash. The girl pressed her foot on the pedal, stalled a bit, and then began to hand over the money.

At this point the 'phone rang. The gangster grabbed the receiver.

"What is it?" he asked.

"This is the police station, darn you!" said an angry voice. "Say, do you know you've got your foot on the pedal and we can't hear ourselves talk because of that blooming alarm bell!"



FOR CERTAIN CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

Husbands who are wise in the ways of women, and of wives in particular, will tell you that the Christmas gift problem is rather like Santa Claus—it doesn't exist unless you believe in it!

Year after year certain cunning husbands have been winning tremendous

popularity by giving shoals of sheer, lovely Bear Brand stockings. A Christmas gift to gladden (and soften) the heart of any woman.

In fact certain men about town maintain that one box of Bear Brand stockings is equal to about a dozen late passes for the future.

Bear Brand

Silk Luxury Stockings

3" - 4" - 5" - 6" - 8"





LOOKING BACKWARDS—1920: THE CRANWELL HUNT CLUB

This group of a sporting organisation as it was nineteen years ago shows many famous officers serving in those days, and in the subjoined list their present rank is displayed

The full list is as follows: (back row, l. to r.) Flt. Lieut. P. Huskinson, M.C. (now Group Captain), Flt. Lieut. R. H. Hanmer, M.C. (now Wing-Com.), Wing-Com. A. S. Barratt, M.C. (now Air Vice-Marshal, C.B., C.M.G.), Flt. Lieut. J. C. Leacroft, M.C. (now Group Captain), Flt. Lieut. Jones Williams, M.C. (killed on the R.A.F. long-distance record attempt), Flt. Lieut. J. B. Cole Hamilton (now Group Captain), Flt. Lieut. W. B. Farrington, D.S.O. (now Group Captain); (front row) Group Captain Longmore, D.S.O. (now Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, K.C.B.), Wing-Com. Godman, C.M.G. (Group Captain, ret.), Air Commodore C. A. H. Longcroft, C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C. (now Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Longcroft), Wing-Com. C. F. Kilner, D.S.O. (died), Sq.-Ldr. A. James (now Wing-Com. ret.); M.P. for Northamptonshire, Wellingborough Div.), Sq.-Ldr. Verney, O.B.E. (Air Commodore, retd.)

Reactions.

LIFF, to the French, is a thing to be enjoyed; to the English and to the Scots it is a thing to be endured. This contrast is being impressed upon the many British people who are now in France in the Army and in the Royal Air Force. I had opportunities of observing its effects during a tour I have just completed of R.A.F. units on the Western Front. The French villages and the French provincial towns close to the lines, where airmen are billeted, still keep their life and liveliness. They steadfastly reject the gloom and glumness which has descended upon most of the towns and villages of England. Their view is that in both war and peace, men and women have a right to the natural pleasures of living. Whereas in England the war has been seized on by the sour and withered seniles who sit in judgment upon us to try and force through further restrictions upon our individual liberties; whereas in Parliament a lot of bobbing boobies leap up to call for prohibition or overcoats for night-club chorus girls, in France the people will put up with no such Pecksniffian pruderies. Instead, wines and foods and fashions are as much a matter for consideration now as ever, and there is brightness in the streets and the cafés.

I had plenty of evidence that Royal Air Force officers and men were noting the liveliness of the French towns and villages, and were realising that the French know how to live, but that the British have not yet begun to learn. When I left England by air, I left a fully camouflaged aerodrome, where officialism was rampant and, in all, I signed twelve documents and spent a whole morning at the Passport

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Office before I could get away. When I arrived in France, the aerodrome at which the machine landed was entirely without camouflage, and I did not see a single official there. When I got to a British fighter squadron a few miles from the line, I found small children running about the

village without gas-masks, and no signs of a single sandbag or shelter. In the provincial towns there is a black-out, certainly; but it starts when the people (not the officials, police and politicians) decide the moment is appropriate; which is probably some time after a thoroughly good dinner has been had by all. The cafés have their bright awnings out and, in brief, the black-out is made for the citizens, and not the citizens for the black-out.

La Terre.

There is something very stirring about motoring up towards the Maginot Line, through the rich French countryside, and over the old battlefields of 1914-18. There are the same sturdy peasants, the same fruitful soil—the same mud! The Allied aerodromes are remarkably well camouflaged, and when—and if—the Germans try to attack them, they will have a considerable task to find them. Our officers and men of the bomber and fighter squadrons which I visited, are strangely reminiscent of the earlier war. In fact, in the fighter squadron where I arrived, just after one of the pilots had brought down a Dornier "17" in a French village, I could have believed that I was re-living my experiences of twenty-two years ago, when I was a member of a fighter squadron of the Royal Flying Corps in France, fighting the same enemy.

The Air Correspondent of "The Tatler" will be glad to receive photographs of groups and individuals in R.A.F. units, both at home and abroad. These will be carefully submitted to censorship before publication. He would also like to hear of any amusing incidents and stories in connection with such units. Those accepted will be liberally paid for. Send to Air Correspondent, "The Tatler," Hazelwood, Hutton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts



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THE TATLER
No. 2004, NOVEMBER 22, 1939

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Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY



Photo.: Balmain

SCOTLAND IS READY FOR ANYTHING

Scotland has had the first taste of German air activity within our shores, and has been found well prepared. This ambulance was presented to the town of North Berwick by the local Townswomen's Guild, and its volunteer staff are: (l. to r.) Mr. J. Sibbold, Mr. J. Sutherland, Miss Rosemary Johnstone, Miss Grant Suttie, a former Ladies' golf champion (in command); and Miss Doreen Sayers, daughter of Ben Sayers, the North Berwick golf professional

The Hairdresser and the Horse.

A MAN whose supply of horse-power is not limited to the kind that relies on a meagre ration of petrol was having one of his horses clipped the other day. Near-by a refugee labourer from the Continent watched the operation with a critical eye. When the groom was about to start on the animal's neck, the refugee became all hot and bothered. To clip the neck was quite wrong, he explained in broken English. When asked if he knew anything about horses, he confessed he didn't. His advice to the groom was based on the fact that he'd been a hairdresser in Russia, and to clip the horse's neck that way would spoil the line!

Petrol Economisers.

Fuel rationing has drawn attention to various gadgets that are claimed to increase petrol economy. Some of them take the form of gauzes or hollow fir-cone-like fittings that are inserted in the inlet-pipe between the throttle and inlet-port. Others consist of washers which reduce the size of the inlet-pipe. In estimating the value of these aids to economy, it must be remembered that, generally speaking, anything that acts as a baffle in the inlet-pipe tends to reduce power. On the other hand, there is something to be said for devices that improve the vaporization of the fuel on its way from the carburetter to the combustion chamber. In the ordinary way, the mixture passes the throttle in the form of a whirling mist, largely unvaporized. Some of the atomisers are intended to straighten out the whirl and break up the mist into a more gaseous mixture.

Anyway, a lot of these things are being sold. It only needs one motorist in a district to profess himself thoroughly pleased with their results for his fuel-starved friends to follow suit. But one thing

**AIR VICE-MARSHAL C. H. B. BLOUNT, O.B.E., M.C.**

Air Vice-Marshal Blount, who is now one of the leaders of our successful air operations, has been in the R.A.F. since the days of 1916. He was at the R.M.C. and served in the Army for the first two years of the Great War before transferring

and the absence of closely spaced filling-stations, are points against its wide adoption. Producer-gas, on the other hand,

**"SMOKES FOR SOLDIERS"**

Not the least of the organisations which have been patriotically formed of late to soften the sometimes hard life of Thomas Atkins in wartime is the "Smokes for Soldiers" fund, under the ægis of that great comedian Will Hay, and here he is at a meeting for the fund held at the N.S.C., with three Australian R.A.F. officers. (L. to r.) F/O. A. E. Cross, F/O. K. Bolleman, Flight-Lieut. F. V. Sharpe, and Will Hay himself

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

they must realise is that they can't have it both ways; i.e., the same performance for less petrol.

Measuring Petrol Consumption.

I was asked the other day why so many cars seemed to run so much farther on the top half of the petrol-tank's supply than on the bottom. My questioner explained that her car covered well over a hundred miles before the petrol-gauge showed half-full, but that the rest of the fuel only produced sixty or seventy miles. The answer is simple, and depends on the shape of the petrol-tank and design of the gauge. If you take a horizontal line half-way up a rectangular tank, the top half will hold as much as the bottom. But if you do the same thing with a bowl-shaped tank, the top part will contain more than the bottom. If the gauge is graded according to the level of the petrol, in the second case it may register half-full when in reality there is only a third left. For this reason, petrol-consumption figures based on the reading of the gauge are often unreliable. Unless a special testing tank containing a known quantity is used, the only reliable way of measuring consumption is to run the main tank dry, on the level, fill in a known amount of petrol and then note the distance covered until the tank runs dry again on the level.

Running on Gas.

In other countries, governments have encouraged experiments in the use of gas as an alternative fuel to petrol. And now comes the news that our own Government may follow suit. Producer-gas, made by burning anthracite, coke, charcoal, or even peat, must not be confused with domestic or town gas. The latter, contained in bags or compressed in cylinders, was used as a substitute fuel in the last war. But the short distance that can be covered on a bag or cylinderful, and the absence of closely spaced filling-stations, are points against its wide adoption. Producer-gas, on the other hand, is generated in a special plant carried on or towed by the car. The plant costs upwards of £100, and scales several hundred-weight. The cost of running, converted into miles per penny of fuel, is very much lower than with petrol, but there is also a considerable decline in power. The scheme will appeal far more to possessors of commercial vehicles or motor-bus fleets than to owners of private cars.

The Headlamp Muddle.

It is to be hoped that the "top-hat" type of headlamp mask is the Ministry of Transport's final word on car-lighting decrees. Since September we have suffered amendment after amendment, which has caused expense, worry and bewilderment to the private motorist and the manufacturers alike.



● Give her Bouquet Lenthéric for Christmas. It is the echo of a perfume—a light, delicate fragrance created by the great parfumeur, Lenthéric, especially for daytime wear. Particularly appreciated is such a gift today when it is more than ever the duty and desire of women to be exquisite in charm. Each of the glorious Lenthéric perfumes has its matching Bouquet. Tweed, Miracle, Shanghai, Lotus d'Or, Numéro 12, Gardenia de Tahiti, Jasmin, Carnation. In lovely, lavish flacons, from 5/6, or decanter bottles (as illustrated) from 9/6.

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The Highway of Fashion

BY M.E. BROOKE



MEN are coming home on leave and women are endeavouring to introduce a feminine note in their coiffures. Above is M. Georges' (The Maison Georges, 40 Buckingham Palace Road) suggestion; its fount of inspiration is the débutante's dressing during the Victorian era. It is quite a simple matter, with the aid of a few curls, to adjust wartime severity with this charming affair. A practical, helpful and illustrated brochure would be sent on application

WORRY causes lines and wrinkles; the Innoxa Preparations banish them. Although they are sold practically everywhere, there are London salons at 38 Old Bond Street. An attractive Christmas gift would be a bottle of Complexion Milk (6s. 6d.) in its artistic container. It can be sent through the post. The Skin Balm relieves irritation. In the brochure details concerning Vitormone Cream and Cream of Roses are given



NOWADAYS fur coats are warmth giving and light in weight. Therefore they are well in the limelight. Samuel Soden, 142-144 Regent Street, is making a feature of inexpensive fur coats which wear remarkably well. By the way, deferred terms are available at no extra cost. The cocoa-dyed squirrel model on the left is seven-eighths length, has a swing back and is inexpensive. There are coats of beaver lamb, cleverly belted to give a slim effect, for 18 guineas

"REGIMENTAL RED" Lipstick is Madame Helena Rubinstein's (24 Grafton Street) latest aid to beauty. It is a beautiful clear red and can be worn with everything under any light. Although bright, it has subtlety and mellowness to appeal to the most critical masculine eye. It is from 4s. 6d., and this is also the price of its companions Rouge en Crème and Nail Groom. Among her other new notes is the Rose Tan Rouge, Lipstick and Nail Groom for natural loveliness

Pictures by Blake

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MISS DIANA MARY KEETON

Lenare

Whose engagement was announced recently to Doctor Philip Nicholas Seton Mansergh, D.Phil., of 90 Woodstock Road, Oxford, and Friarsfield, Tipperary, younger son of the late Mr. Philip St. George Mansergh and Mrs. Mansergh, of Grenane House, Tipperary. Miss Keeton is the daughter of Mr. G. H. Keeton, a former rugby player for England, and Mrs. Keeton, of Chiberta, Pines Road, Fleet, late of Headmaster's Lodge, Reading

Mr. Frank Charles Pierce Grove, only son of the late Mr. Frederick Pierce Grove and Mrs. Pierce Grove, of Kenya Colony, and Miss Sara Madeleine Thresher, younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. H. Thresher, of Fleet, Hants.

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Second Lieutenant Amoret Clear Fleury, younger son of Captain

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Abroad.

The marriage will take place in Southern Nigeria shortly between Mr. Peter Hodgson, of the Nigerian Administrative Service (Owerri), and Miss Cicell King. The marriage will take place in Singapore between Lieutenant Michael Patrick Ernest Evans, The Manchester Regiment, and Miss Doreen Haldwell.

The wedding will take place shortly in Kenya between



MISS JOAN BROADFOOT DRUMMOND

Mannell

Whose engagement has been announced to Sub-Lieutenant (E) Ian Brodrick Tetley, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. Michael H. Tetley, of The Priory, Stevenage, Hertfordshire, and grandson of the late Mr. Brodrick Dale and Mrs. Dale, of Apperley Dene, Stockfield-on-Tyne. Miss Drummond is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Drummond, of 193 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. She is a gifted linguist, was educated at Brussels and Heidelberg universities, and is now serving on British Intelligence

A. M. Fleury, O.B.E., of Lyme Regis, Dorset, and the late Mrs. Fleury, and Miss Patricia Jean Madeleine Little, only daughter of the late Flight

Lieutenant Ivo Little, R.A.F., and Mrs. Little, of St. Jean-Cap Ferrat, France, A.M.; Squadron Leader Noel Holroyde Fresson, youngest son of the late Mr. E.M.E. Fresson, and of Mrs. Kathleen Fresson, of Grove End

Rofant Road, Northwood, and Miss Imelda Anne Crawford, only daughter of Captain Thomas Crawford, R.F.A. (retired), and Mrs. Crawford, of 34, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh; Lieutenant-Commander Robert Alexander Villiers, Royal Navy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Villiers, of Colombo, Ceylon, and Miss Elizabeth Mary Friend, elder daughter of Brigadier A. L. I. Friend, O.B.E., M.C., late XI Hussars, and Mrs. Friend, of Scuttingham Manor, Sittingbourne, Kent; Flight Lieutenant Richard Maitland Longmore, son of Air Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Longmore, and Miss Millicent Baron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron.



MISS CICELY LESLIE

Fayer

Whose engagement was announced recently. She is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, of Sloane Gardens, and is engaged to marry the Hon. George Douglass, only son of Field Marshal Lord Milne and Lady Milne, of Ashley Gardens



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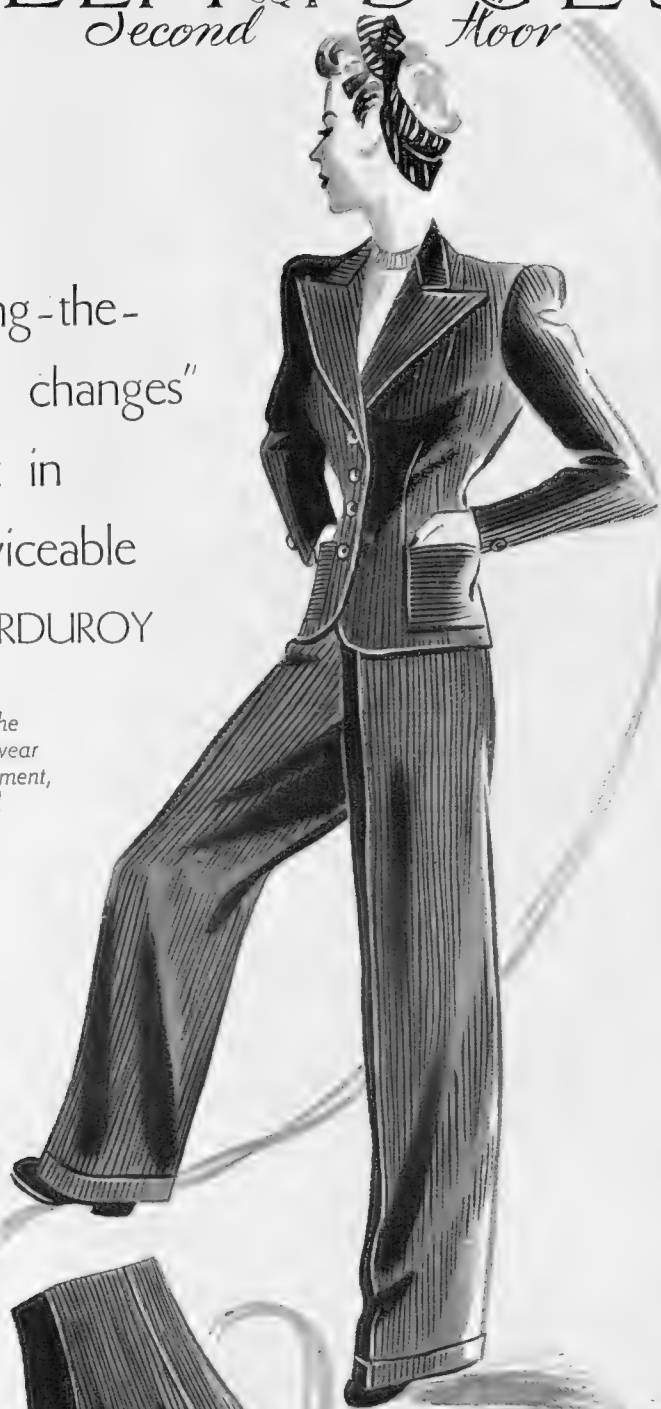
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CH. CHOW BLUE DOG YOU SI

Property of Lady Faudel Phillips

has been a member of our association almost from the first, at the age of fourteen she exhibited a Chow at our show. Her kennel is one of the oldest, best known and most successful of the breed. She is going to keep a nucleus for happier times, it would be a calamity if she did not, but as Whitaker has been called up on full-time duty she must reduce the kennel to a minimum, and in order to do this is prepared to sell some of her famous dogs, including Ch. You Si. She says: "I consider him the best blue dog in England, he is invaluable as a stud dog and would make an ideal house dog, as he is very good tempered; also Ch. Chu Chow has a wonderful nature and I would part with him." There are a lovely blue lady and a beautiful red bitch, also a fine young dog that would be parted with for suitable offers. This is a chance that seldom occurs of getting the best.

I have an interesting letter from Mrs. Heffer, whose kennel of Elkhounds is so successful, dealing with her methods. She says: "I don't intend to extend my stock to more than I can have in and about the house. I don't think that dogs kept in runs have the same intelligence as house dogs, so, although all mine are show specimens, they are primarily part of the family. We have an orchard a short way from the house, it runs down to the river; I put the dogs there and

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

One good thing will come out of war. There will be fewer dogs bred. Of late there have been far too many; indifferent bitches have been bred from, which crowded kennels with poor specimens, thereby lowering the quality all round. If only the best are used for breeding, it will be greatly to the advantage of dogdom, and also to dogs themselves, as there will be fewer unwanted ones.

Lady Faudel Phillips

they can romp, hunt rats, water hens, etc. This autumn they spent much of their time eating fallen fruit; they seem to thrive on it. They also have a paddling pool which they much enjoy. The founder of the kennel, Indra, eight years old, is as youthful as ever. Her daughter Katriona is a wonderful brood bitch, there were three winners out of four pups in her first litter, and four out of seven in her second."

There are two remaining winners, members of the party, Huskey and Haxa, both delightful personalities, and a growing puppy, Minka. Mrs. Heffer is keen on making Elkhounds better known and will put any one requiring one into communication with suitable breeders.

I do like hearing from our members what they are doing, so was glad to

hear from Miss Cousens. She sends a photograph of Seacry Winkle and her sons, Wag and Wit, all winners and of the right type. There will be a couple of dog pups to sell later on. Her partner, Miss Hastings, has joined the A.T.S., and the Keeshonds have gone, but the boarding kennel is still going on, with plenty of room and lovely big runs. Miss Cousens makes a reduction on two or more dogs belonging to the same owner, and special terms for dogs staying three months or more. All the dogs get good grooming and exercise, so Miss Cousens is "settled in to the routine of war" and, like the rest of us, hopes it will not be long before we all meet again at shows. There it is that the camaraderie and sportiness of dogdom are evidenced to their fullest extent. Fine breeds are on view, competition is keen and nothing could give more pleasure than the return of our old activities.

Letters: to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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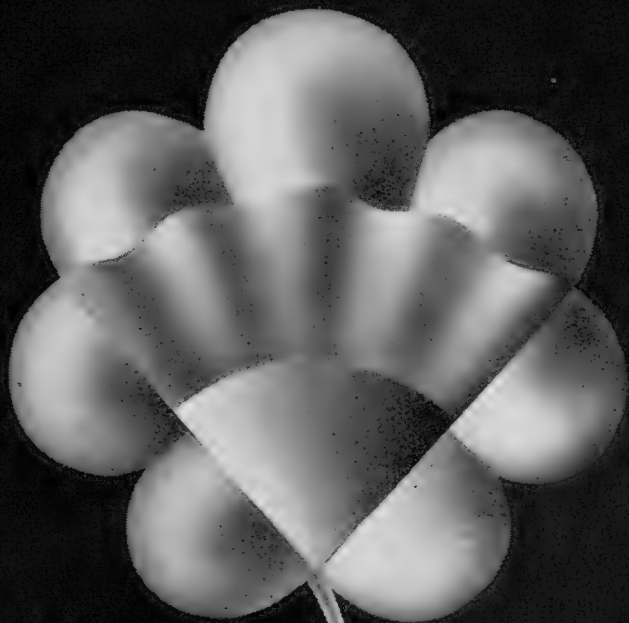
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"Faites Vos Jeux"—(Continued from page 264)

The girl laughed bitterly. "David hired the Rolls in Paris. We haven't even paid the chauffeur's wages. You *must* believe me. You must help me. Here," she thrust the statement towards him, "please take this. It's the only security I can offer you. He'll pay you back in the future. I promise you that he will."

Monsieur Gustavopolis had been doing some quick thinking. M. Van Rhys had been all too prominent a figure, and he did not want a scandal on his hands in the middle of the season. He leaned forward: "Madame," he said finally, "this thing will I do for you. I will return to you half of your husband's losses of last night. But you must give me your word that you will leave today, and that you will never come back."

For a minute the girl was unable to answer him, so great was her relief. "How can I ever thank you? You have saved our lives. I mean that . . . literally."

Monsieur Gustavopolis waved her gratitude aside. He pulled out his watch and then pressed a bell upon his desk and instructed his secretary to bring him the sum of nine hundred pounds in cash. They sat in silence waiting until he returned. Monsieur Gustavopolis handed her the envelope. Once again she tried to thank him, but seemed unable to find words.

"That is quite all right, Mrs. Van Rhys," he said, smiling a trifle cynically, "we have still made a handsome profit out of your husband."

When he finally joined his friend for a late, but happy luncheon, Monsieur Gustavopolis experienced a warm glow of Christian charity, to which he was unaccustomed.

That same evening at a few minutes before eleven o'clock, a magnificent black Rolls-Royce slid up to the doors of the Casino. . . .

At a quarter-past eleven, Monsieur Gustavopolis strolled into the gambling rooms, beginning the first of the regular nightly tours which he made his routine, to see that everything was running smoothly. His progress was punctuated by the many bows and greetings that he exchanged with his guests, when unexpectedly his tranquil perambulations were disturbed, and suddenly his smile froze; for he had caught sight of a handsome, rather prosperous looking figure seated at the second roulette table, an impressive pile of chips stacked in front of him.

Monsieur Gustavopolis stopped dead. "Van Rhys," he muttered, "but this is intolerable!" He beckoned to a hovering attendant. "Ask Mr. Van Rhys to come to my office immediately, please," he snapped. "He is the gentleman over there dressed *en grand gala*."

Monsieur Gustavopolis scurried back to his sanctum in a state of rage such as he had never before endured. Such ingratitude! Such insolence!

A timid knock tapped on his door, which opened to admit the nervous

attendant. "A message from Mr. Van Rhys, monsieur. He is winning and will come and see you later."

"Winning!" exploded the unfortunate Monsieur Gustavopolis. "Winning! Tell him to come here at once or I shall inform the police."

Some ten minutes later, a very ruffled Van Rhys presented himself. "You wished to see me?" he demanded. "What is it please? I'm afraid I cannot give you much of my time."

Monsieur Gustavopolis was nearly struck dumb with anger, indeed, it was a little while before he could completely conquer his incoherent splutterings. "Mr. Van Rhys! What do you mean by coming here again tonight? And by *winning*? You are a dirty crook! I have a good mind to put you under arrest without listening to any explanation. Such a nerve!" He continued with heavy sarcasm. "You will kindly return your winnings and leave without further delay."

David looked at him in amazement. "Have you gone crazy?" he asked quietly. There was a dangerous edge beneath the calm question. "I? Crazy? No, no, my friend, you cannot bluff such a situation out with me, I was not born yesterday. Dear me, no."

David got up, "I don't understand a word of what you're saying. I shall expect an apology from you at my hotel in the morning. Goodnight."

Monsieur Gustavopolis sprang to his feet. "Stay where you are," he rapped, "you will find, Monsieur that you are not able to fool me quite so easily. I have here the signed statement that you gave your wife. How will you explain that away?" he inquired with a certain smug satisfaction.

"My wife? What the hell do you mean?" David's hand strayed to the large pearl stud in his gleaming expanse of shirt front.

"Mr. Van Rhys," the Greek's voice was patient. "Your wife came here this morning. She was naturally in a state of great unhappiness."

To his amazement, David began to laugh, he lowered himself blindly into a chair, his shoulders heaving, his great body shaken by his mirth.

"I'm beginning to understand," he spluttered. "Oh, how funny! I'm extremely sorry, but I haven't got a wife—I'm afraid that you were born yesterday, Monsieur Gustavopolis." He gradually regained his self-control. "And now I really must be getting back to the table." He paused as he reached the doorway. "I shall still want that apology. Purely as a matter of form, you understand."

Monsieur Gustavopolis felt faint. What folly had he committed. He clenched his fists, gritting his teeth savagely. Let him—just let him locate that girl. He would make her sorry that she had ever been born . . . he would imprison her . . . smash her. . . .

But the dark lady had vanished.

Incidentally, number twenty-nine turned up a phenomenal number of times during the next two days, and David went away a richer man



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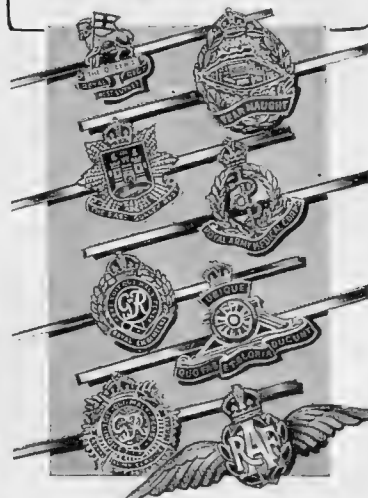


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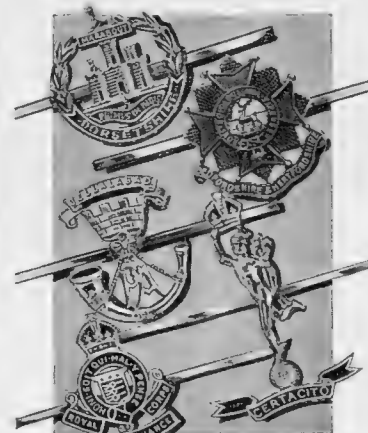


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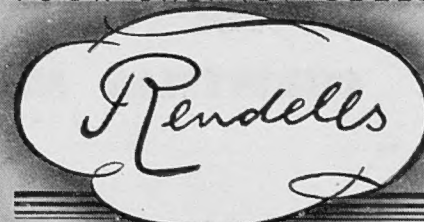
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